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THE NATION

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End of Separation? CHURCH, STATE AND THE COURTS

GEORGE R. LA NOUE

Nixon's History Lesson
THE MYTH OF REPRISALS

WILLIAM MEYERS

The Holidays: Part One

Kevin Sullivan *on* Frank O'Connor

Anselm Hollo *on* Anna Akhmatova

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LETTERS

false equation

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: With regard to your editorial "Tough Questions" in the November 24 issue, the Emergency Committee for Full Funding of Education Programs is nonpartisan, in that it believes that no administration of the past two decades has adequately met, through the appropriations process, the findings of financial need as set forth in the authorization statutes. If should be noted that for most of the educational programs, the $1.04 billion added to the Nixon budget simply keeps the percentage of entitlement or the dollar amounts the same as in fiscal year 1969.

The term "educational-industrial complex" applied to the activities of teachers, librarians, guidance and counseling personnel and home economists is strained to the point of the absurd, just as is the false equation of $80 billion from the federal treasury for defense activities, with the nearly $60 billion from all sources, public and private, which pay the cost of all levels of American education. The diversity of monetary sources for and the widespread involvement of many independent public and private sources in educational expenditure clearly point up the differences between the two operations. Defense is centralized, with but a very few individuals involved in decision. Educational decisions are literally made by hundreds of thousands of public-spirited men and women, lay and professional.

The plain fact of the matter is that the federal government, through the Office of Education, funding of education under the House version of H.R. 13111 (passed July 31, 1969) amounts to only $4.2 billion or about 7 per cent of the total cost of the education of American students of all ages. Arguments based upon equity can be made that the "federal share" should be closer to one-third or one-half. . . . *Charles W. Lee, Executive Secretary*
Emergency Committee

not dead

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I believe it was a little premature for Larry David Nachman to deliver an "Obituary for SDS" before he produces any evidence of a dead body [*The Nation*, Nov. 24]. He is, I think, correct when he complains that the SDS abandoned its legitimate base on the campus a year or so ago for some mystical alliance with factories and the Third World, but that is expressing a personal gripe, not producing a corpse.

For the last several months, in the course of writing a book on the history of the SDS, I have been doing research on the current campus scene, and it seems to me that the SDS is very much alive. It is splintered, of course; it is as decentralized as ever; it is tripping over the coils of its own ideologies; it is bewildered, frustrated and angry. But it exists. SDS activities at a dozen universities this fall (Yale, Harvard, M.I.T., etc.), as well as in the streets of Chicago and Washington, suggest that as long as student radicalism exists, so will the SDS. . . . *J. Kirk Sale*

wrong pejorative

Martin, Tenn.

DEAR SIRS: If Charles Molesworth in his review of Richard Howard's *Alone With America* [*The Nation*, Nov. 17] is quoting James Dickey from the *Tennessee Poetry Journal* (Robert Bly issue; Winter, 1969), then he has the quotation wrong. What Mr. Dickey said of Mr. Bly's work was not "disgusting" but "pitiful." As far as I know, this is the only "recent one-word comment by James Dickey" in print. . . . *Stephen Mooney, Editor*
Tennessee Poetry Journal

EDITORIALS

The War System

There is nothing that the American public relishes more than the opportunity to wallow in a sty of pseudo-moral discussion. When something happens to tarnish our national image of moral excellence, we try to restore its pristine brilliance (which never existed except in our imagination) by rituals of public atonement led by priestly commentators. This would be a good thing if it resulted in a lasting change of heart, but it is as ephemeral as the frontier evangelism from which it is derived and which went hand in hand with the slaughter of Indians. After every major ghetto riot of recent years such exhibitions of piety were the rule, and they lasted about as long as the headlines.

At the moment we are luxuriating in the emotions aroused by the Song My massacre which, on the word of the Thieu government, never occurred. Here we accept the evidence that it did. The American public, on this premise, has split into two camps. One holds that it is just another Communist plot, that those shot were all Vietcong and deserved their fate. The other seeks expiation by punishing the guilty. Who, then, is guilty? Lieutenant Calley, who commanded the platoon? Captain Medina, the company commander? Lieutenant Colonel Barker, who was killed later in a midair collision? Or Colonel Henderson, the brigade commander, who declares that he never heard of the incident while he was in Vietnam but who now is beginning to believe that it did indeed occur?

We find ourselves unable to get into the spirit of this discussion; we are not interested in finding scapegoats. However, if we were to ascribe guilt, our preference would be to start well up the ladder, as at Nuremberg. A War Crimes Commission of our choosing would begin its investigations with former Vice President Nixon who, in company with Admiral Radford and Secretary of State Dulles, wanted us to go to the relief of Dienbienphu, reportedly with nuclear weapons if TNT would not suffice. That insanity was overruled by President Eisenhower, who may therefore be exculpated. President Kennedy is beyond the reach of earthly tribunals, but he began the escalation in part to cover his humiliations at the Bay of Pigs and in Vienna. A star defendant would be President Johnson, who was responsible for the major escalation, after assuring the voters that he would do nothing of the kind. Robert McNamara went along, Nicholas Katzenbach furnished the legal underpinning. McGeorge Bundy was another high-level operator until he jumped off the bandwagon, while W. W. Rostow stayed on.

Not to be neglected, also, are Dean Rusk, next to John Foster Dulles the chief crusader against communism. And of course generals and ex-generals—all members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in particular General Westmoreland who has just prepared the ground for a stab-in-the-back rationalization by asserting that if we had persisted in bombing North Vietnam we would probably have won the war by now. And General Taylor, who encouraged President Kennedy's intervention. We would also include

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in the indictment all those American intellectuals who beat the anti-communism drums until they got what was implicit in their agitation, namely, the war in Vietnam, and then were horrified by their ideological handiwork only because the military could not manage to win the war. And the companies that have made money out of the war all these years, the labor leaders who supported and still support it, the legislators who have competed for military contracts. It is hard to know where to stop.

For the moment, then, it might be better if we left morality out of the discussion. It is our intellectual dishonesty that should be examined. Why didn't the American public question those "body counts" which persist to the present day? Whose bodies? How did we think we could intervene in a civil war and not kill civilians? Did we think that the South Vietnamese torture and liquidation of prisoners shown here on TV were unknown to our own military? In what sealed dimension of time and space have today's soul-searchers and scapegoaters been living since 1954?

Nothing could be more senseless than the distinctions we are now trying to make in order to justify our indifference to the consequences of our actions in Vietnam. It may be "more savage" to kill civilians by rifle or machine gun than to obliterate a village with a bomb from the air, but to the civilian victims the distinction is meaningless. Given the fact of our intervention, it is not relevant that the Vietcong have committed "atrocities." We should stop looking for scapegoats in high or low places. And we should stop trying to make distinctions between this war and that. General Sherman said that war is hell. What war has not been, with only the reservation that some, adventitiously, are more hellish than others? What about the senseless bombing of Dresden in which 150,000 were killed or the atom bombing of Hiroshima? The war system itself should be the focus of our indignation, not its incidental variations and degrees of hellishness. There is evil enough in this system to keep our moralists preoccupied for the balance of the century if they will but concentrate their attention on it.

The New Politicians

The "silent" Americans who have been down on the "kids" lately would do well to look in the other direction once in a while for their villains. If they did, they would discover a U.S. Army Major, in uniform and with the apparent approval of Army Chief of Staff Gen. William Westmoreland, criticizing elected members of Congress.

Major Rowe, in his capacity as a one-man, pro-war Pentagon public relations man, has been utilized by at least twenty-six Congressmen to film twenty television interviews and cut six radio tapes for playback at home stations of the Congressmen. On several shows the Major has questioned the patriotism of Sen. George McGovern (D., S.D.) and has cast doubt on statements by Sen. J. W. Fulbright (D., Ark.) and former Sen. Wayne Morse (D., Ore.).

The Major's criticism of Sen. George McGovern, which appears in at least two of his political tapes, stems from the Senator's appearance at the Washington Monument

IN THIS ISSUE

December 15, 1969

EDITORIALS

650

ARTICLES

654 Nixon's History Lesson: The Myth of Reprisals — *William Meyers*

656 End of Separation? Church, State and the Courts — *George R. La Noue*

659 Regular or Premium? The Octane Numbers Game — *A. Q. Mowbray*

661 Dogma from Cleveland: Infiltrating the Curriculum — *Terence Sheridan* and *Donald L. Barlett*

664 Statehood for Micronesia — *Ernest Gruening*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

666 Akhmatova: Selected Poems Akhmadulina: Fever and Other New Poems — *Anselm Hollo*

667 Fowles: The French Lieutenant's Woman — *Annette Grant*

668 O'Connor: My Father's Son — *Kevin Sullivan*

668 Lacuna (poem) — *Robert Morgan*

670 Books for Children — *Ned O'Gorman*

670 Flying (poem) — *Stephen Mooney*

672 Gift Books — *Sherman Paul*

673 Records 1969 — *David Hamilton*

675 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

676 Film Scene at Pula — *Curtis Harnack*

676 Jenifer (poem) — *Stanley Cooperman*

678 Winter Afternoon (poem) — *Harold Isbell*

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peace rally. The Major asked whether the Senator (who, by the way, is a decorated World War II pilot) cherished the American flag or the Vietcong flag.

The Pentagon-sponsored Major is a greater threat to the traditions of America—where an Army career and political activism are not supposed to mix—than are several million rebellious youths who are opposed to dying in Vietnam. But the Major doesn't see it that way. He says: "We are entering into an ideological conflict where politics and the military are married into one. If someone says you can't speak and stay in the military, I would resign. . . . The thing is, you're going to have to choose sides."

The surprising thing is that no one has asked Major Rowe to resign. On the contrary, Col. Lloyd L. Burke, an Army legislative liaison officer and Rowe's boss, stated recently that General Westmoreland "knows of all his [Rowe's] activity on the Hill and approves of it." According to a *Washington Post* article, Westmoreland had a private fifteen-minute interview with Rowe after the Major was brought to Washington from Fort Sill, Okla. And it didn't end there. Bernard D. Nossiter, writing in the *Post,* reports that "the House Armed Services Committee was impressed with the Major's story and arranged a meeting at the White House between Rowe and President Nixon on November 12. They were closeted for twenty-five minutes."

A review of the Major's activity, and the approval it is getting from his Commander in Chief and from the Army's Chief of Staff, makes it appear that the United States military has finally succumbed to the temptation to enter politics. Considering its close association with military dictatorships around the world, it is not surprising that it has caught the disease. What is surprising is that the Administration appears to be encouraging the sickness rather than performing an immediate amputation of the offending limb.

By accepting uniformed military political activists as allies against loosely organized civilian dissent, President Nixon is messing around with forces that have submerged more clever and farsighted leaders than himself and destroyed nations as proud as is America of their democratic traditions.

Pleasant Reading, for a Change

In this era one must be grateful for snippets of good news, and in the past few weeks several such antidepressants were bunched together. Even cumulatively they provide no basis for loud cheers, and separately considered each case induces reservations. Just the same, they are small reliefs, gratefully recorded.

The coincidental items were President Nixon's decision to resubmit the forty-five-year-old Geneva Protocol, dealing with chemical and biological warfare, to the Senate for ratification; the signing of the nonproliferation treaty on nuclear weapons by West Germany; and the American agreement to return Okinawa to Japan in 1972.

As to the first, Mr. Nixon made a unilateral declaration that the United States would never resort to biological weapons, even in retaliation. This sounds good, but actually it is not much of a sacrifice. The microbes which cause pneumonic plague, anthrax and other high-mortality diseases are as ineffective a weapon as can well be imagined. In general, bacteriological weapons are as great a danger to the user as to the prospective victim, so it is hard to see why the Joint Chiefs would have liked to retain them except that, on principle, they are opposed to relinquishing any item in their variegated arsenal.

It is not certain that the earlier signatories to the Geneva Protocol will accept our belated acquiescence. Chemical warfare is also banned under the treaty, and apparently we have no intention of giving up the use of so-called riot-control agents in Vietnam or wherever they may suit our purposes. While these gases are in themselves nonlethal, they are commonly used to flush enemy troops from underground shelters, so that they can then be killed by high explosives. Published figures show that in the last five years, the Army has procured more than 15 million pounds of CS and CS-2, which are among the most potent agents in this category. Herbicides are another borderline application. The Army has defoliated 4.5 million acres in Vietnam, including a half-million acres of cropland.

The timing of Mr. Nixon's announcement indicates that he wanted to divert attention from the Song My situation, which has done grievous damage to the U.S. reputation abroad, and the obvious political implications are certain to detract somewhat from the act itself. This is another instance of Mr. Nixon's eternal addiction to politics—it is often so obvious as to be at least partly self-defeating.

The Okinawa action, which provides not only for the return of the island to Japan but also for surrender of the U.S. right to store nuclear weapons there and to conduct combat operations from Okinawa bases without Japanese approval, was essential if Premier Eisaku Sato hoped to stay in office. On the strength of the concessions he obtained in Washington, he has already scheduled general elections for December 27. Actually much more than Sato's political future was at stake in the Nixon-Sato negotiations. If Sato had returned without Okinawa, the U.S.-Japan security treaty relationship would have been a casualty. As it is, the United States retains military bases on Japanese territory, including Okinawa. Come what may in Vietnam, the American beachhead in Asia is unimpaired.

The decision of the West German Government to sign the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, after three years of acrimonious controversy, may augur well for the SALT talks in Helsinki. West Germany became the ninety-second nation to sign, and other nations, including Japan, may now follow its lead. But formal ratification by West Germany awaits clarification on the question of control over nuclear research and development, which bears importantly on future electric power development in Europe. The West German Government has notified every government with which it has diplomatic relations that it insists on continuing work on peaceful uses of nuclear energy, and that it must be protected, through NATO or otherwise, in any future nuclear war. The signing of the treaty is therefore only a projected step, although an important one, in curbing the spread of nuclear weapons.

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Greece and the Council

On December 12, when the Foreign Ministers of the Council of Europe meet in Paris to decide whether or not to suspend Greece, they will have read the Report of the European Human Rights Commission. This long-awaited, 1,200-page study finds that the Greek Government tortures political prisoners as an "administrative practice," that there was no danger of a Communist overthrow of constitutional government on April 21, 1967, and that the military regime has violated all the articles of the European Human Rights Convention cited in the original Scandinavian complaint of September 1967.

Despite these findings, the suspension of Greece is not at all certain. A two-thirds vote is required, and the past weeks have been marked by considerable diplomatic activity. The busiest nation has been the United States—not even a member of the eighteen-nation organization. It has been vigorously lobbying for the colonels, first urging the Scandinavians to drop the case, now telling its NATO partners that suspending Greece might so irk the colonels that strategic U.S. bases in the Aegean would be in jeopardy. It is most improbable that Greece would quit NATO in a huff; more likely, expulsion from the Council of Europe would be followed by demands for ejection from NATO. Neither the Greek military nor the Nixon Administration would care for that.

More than half the report is devoted to Article 3, which prohibits torture. Despite the legal style of the text, the horror of the situation comes out in extracts of testimony describing sexual tortures, the *falanga* (bastinado), electric shock, etc. The jurists were unanimous in their decision: "The commission has found it established beyond doubt that torture or ill treatment contrary to Article 3 has been inflicted in a number of cases." Most important, the commission found that these were not isolated acts but part of an official system.

The other article on which the commission concentrated was Article 15, which allows a member state to depart from some of its obligations under the Human Rights Convention (though not Article 3) "in time of war or other public emergency threatening the life of the nation." The Greek Government argued that on April 21, 1967, there was danger of a Communist take-over and a crisis of public order. On this the report states: "There is evidence indicating that it was neither planned at the time nor seriously anticipated by either military or police authorities." Losing this point, the Greek Government rather ingenuously argued that bombs and "illegal" resistance *after* April 21, 1967, had produced a "public emergency" justifying the state of siege. The council rejected this argument also.

After finding that Article 15 did not apply, the HRC declared the Greek Government to be in violation of the fundamental freedoms guaranteed under the convention, such as freedom of expression, association, right to fair trial, effective remedy, inviolability of home and correspondence, etc. Though the applicant governments had not cited Article 2, the right to life, the commission pointed out that a number of persons had died under torture and that Article 2 had also been violated.

The confrontation at the Council of Europe has made U.S. policy on Greece clear. It was always obvious that such individuals as Maj. Gen. Samuel Eaton of the U.S. Military Mission and James M. Potts, head of the CIA in Greece (who is notorious in Athens for his comment about Papadopoulos, "He's my boy!"), were openly pro-junta, but the White House and the State Department insisted that their policy was "neutral," their role "marginal." Washington's basic concept has always been that the colonels themselves should "evolve" toward "more democratic practices." After nearly thirty-two months of this regime, Greece is no closer to elections, no closer to the rule of law than it was the day after the colonels took over. Greeks can only draw the conclusion from Washington declarations of "neutrality" that if they want freedom, they must gain it through armed struggle, a bloody civil war.

Dissent in Boston

On Sunday, November 30, the Boston *Herald-Traveler* ran a column from *The New York Times* syndicate in which music critic Harold Schonberg compared Vice President Agnew's recent speeches to the reaction of a performer who has received bad reviews. One wonders whether the *Herald-Traveler* management appreciated the irony: Schonberg's column was substituted at the last minute for a scheduled article by George Gelles, the *Herald*'s regular music critic, who had been suspended a few days earlier following several negative reviews of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Public uproars over music criticism have not been unusual in Boston; since the appointment of Michael Steinberg as critic of the *Globe* six years ago, Boston has had access to some of the most literate, informed and courageous music criticism in the country, but it is no secret that the trustees of the Boston Symphony and other interested parties have often longed for a return to the Pollyanna notices of earlier days ("Brahms and Tchaikovsky were played and a good time was had by all"). Last spring, Steinberg shared an award as the best music critic in the United States, and the *Globe* was entitled to some self-congratulation for its unwavering support of a controversial but valuable civic asset.

In September, Boston's "other" paper, the *Herald-Traveler*, appointed a new music critic, George Gelles, a professionally trained musician with background and qualifications similar to Steinberg's. Since Gelles had written for other Boston papers over the previous four years, his knowledge, skill, literary style and the general tenor of his approach can scarcely have been unknown to the *Herald*. Indeed, the encouraging inference might have been drawn that the presence of one serious reviewer had induced a major competitive paper to follow suit. With two such pens at work, the standpatters of Boston's musical establishment would find it more difficult to dismiss Steinberg as a solitary crank.

In early November, a series of unfavorable (but by no means parallel) reviews of the Boston Symphony in both papers once again brought out the letter writers, and elicited a telegram from the orchestra members asking their management "not to welcome" Steinberg at their concerts. Management declined to withdraw the

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Globe's press tickets, but promised to pursue the matter with the newspaper; it evidently learned that the *Globe,* as before, stood behind its critic. However, after Gelles' third adverse orchestra review of the month, the *Herald* informed him that his pending reviews would not be printed; then that he was not to cover the next orchestra concert (it was given out that he was sick); and, finally, that he was through as music critic.

Nothing Gelles said in the apparently offending reviews had been questioned as to factual accuracy, nor did any of it exceed the boundaries of legitimate comment. But given the Symphony's willingness to "pursue the matter" of Steinberg, one can imagine a similar willingness to approach the *Herald* about Gelles, whether or not the reliably attested threat of advertising withdrawals was actually made. The *Herald*'s cold feet certainly did not result merely from a stack of subscriber mail.

The official reason given for the suspension was that the publisher felt Gelles "was not competent to handle the job," and he had therefore been reassigned to cover other cultural events of a nonmusical nature. When a spokesman for the paper was questioned about the improbable circumstance that a fully trained musician should be considered competent only on nonmusical subjects, he declined comment. Leaving aside the question of how this supposed failure to measure up to the *Herald*'s standard was discovered only after the publication of some unfavorable reviews of a powerful institution, one still wonders whose standards of newspaper publishing the *Herald* seeks to meet—perhaps Mr. Agnew's?

NIXON'S HISTORY LESSON

THE MYTH OF REPRISALS

WILLIAM MEYERS
Mr. Meyers is a New York attorney and businessman.

In the attempt to justify the U.S. intervention in Vietnam, those responsible for the action have created a mythology of catastrophic proportions. Future historians will be appalled by our rewrite of the Geneva Agreements of 1954, particularly our conversion of the 17th Parallel from a line separating two parts of one country into something quite different. To find successive pretexts for continuing the war, we have moved from one discredited thesis to the next. On November 3, President Nixon treated us to a new one: reprisals. We are told that if we try to get out of Vietnam "precipitately" (undefined) we shall jeopardize the lives of those we leave behind. Many will accept this argument because of a mistaken notion as to what happened in Vietnam in 1954 and what is likely to happen today.

On July 20, 1954, the French and Vietnamese signed an "Agreement on the Cessation of Hostilities." Article 2 stated: "The period during which all forces of either party shall move into its regrouping zone on either side of the provisional military demarcation line shall be completed within 300 days from date." Article 15 (c) stated: "Each party undertakes to refrain from any reprisals or discrimination against persons on account of their activities during the hostilities and to guarantee their democratic liberties."

On a recent trip to Hanoi (*The Nation,* December 8), I talked with some of the people who implemented the decrees. On October 1, 1954, Ho Chi Minh issued Decree No. 218, ordering that no reprisals be taken against those who had collaborated with the enemy during wartime. Those who had been prosecuted were to be released and granted democratic rights. I spoke at great length to Vu Dinh Hoe, Minister of Justice, one of the signers of Decree No. 218, and the man responsible for enforcing it. His job was primarily educational. He sent teams into each of the localities of the four zones in which the North was divided. Three categories of people were affected by the decree: Those who had been sentenced were released; those who had been prosecuted were not sentenced; those who had been accused of crimes were not formally charged. Mr. Hoe said that the decree had been successfully carried out within three months of its promulgation. I spoke also to Nguyen Trac, chairman in 1954 of the Tribunal in the Fourth Zone, who corroborated the situation as described by Mr. Hoe.

The report of the International Control Commission indicated that there were some violations, but that "on the whole, they had been vastly exaggerated by Diem for propaganda purposes." I found no evidence of what Mr. Nixon, in his November 3 speech referred to as "massacres which followed their take-over in the North fifteen years before" (referring to 1954). Documentation of the International Control Commission, statements by its staff, literature either out of Saigon or any pro-Administration source clearly indicate that the contrary is true. Nixon is wrong in stating that "a million and a half Catholic refugees fled to South Vietnam." The authorities agree that the number was no more than 500,000. Frank Traeger, a strong proponent of the Johnson-Nixon policies, wrote in 1966 that 861,000 persons left the North for the South. Bernard Fall also wrote in that year that "860,000 persons went South, 500,000 of them Catholics." These figures are accepted by all the authorities in the field.

Mr. B. S. Murti, of the staff of the International Control Commission, confirms that the Hanoi government cooperated fully, even to the point of supplying food and money; and that a considerable number of Catholics remained. (There are a large number of Catholics in the North today.) Many people were frightened into going South by their priests who not only told them that "the Virgin had gone South" but also that the Americans would

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drop an atomic bomb in the North. Coral Bell in *Survey of International Affairs* (published for the Royal Institute in 1957) comments: "A number of English observers were critical of the methods used in the campaign and doubted whether the peasants concerned fully understood the realities of the situation or indeed wished to move." Altogether, this is quite a different picture from that described by Nixon.

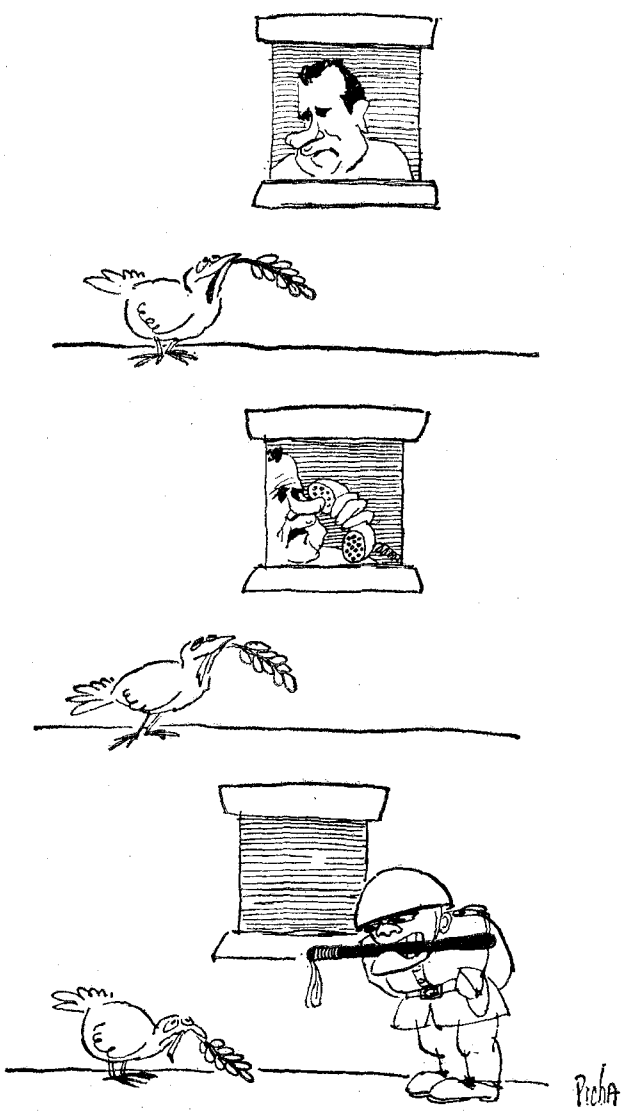
Nixon's next statement is even stronger: "They then murdered more than 50,000 people and hundreds of thousands more died in slave labor camps." There is absolutely no evidence of the latter assertion. As to the former, if Nixon is talking about deaths that occurred in 1956-57, it is clear that some deaths did occur because of forced expropriation policies, but certainly not in the numbers Nixon indicated. However, at the end of 1957, the government re-evaluated its policies and this situation was corrected. [1]

His remarks on Hue, where 3,000 civilians allegedly were killed, are certainly questionable. Conversations with leaders at Hanoi, as one would expect even though one would credit their sincerity, produced a different version. Our own press seems to question the Nixon version, as evidenced in an article in *The New York Times* of November 25, 1969:

> Saigon, South Vietnam, Nov. 24 (AP)—Enemy troops who seized Hue during the 1968 Tet offensive "eliminated" nearly 2,900 Vietnamese, according to a captured enemy document made public today.
>
> Disclosure of the document by official sources here came as the United States Army continued its investigation into an alleged massacre of between 100 and 567 villagers by American troops on March 16, 1968.
>
> One United States source conceded that cynics would see the sudden disclosure of the document as an effort to offset North Vietnamese and Vietcong charges that American troops had committed mass murder. But he said that the document had been unnoticed in United States military files for about 19 months until last week when a writer asked to see captured documents.
>
> "I know it sounds incredible, but that's the truth," he said. . . . [2]

What is perhaps most interesting about Nixon's discussion of his new pretext, is what he does not say about the situation in the South in 1954 and the years after. The records show no substantial reprisals in the North, but a shifting of 860,000 people (500,000 Catholics) to the South. The story in the South is altogether different. The massacres by Diem, a paid ally of the French from 1954 to 1963 and then of the Americans, resulted in the deaths of hundreds of thousands and the ultimate incarceration of a third of the people in concentration camps (according to Sen. Edward Kennedy, among others). I spoke to Phan Lac Tuyen, an officer in the Diem army, who cited a series of laws promulgated by Diem which resulted in a police state second to none.

Mr. Nixon's language on November 3 certainly served to inflame rather than instruct. The Democratic Republic of Vietnam is referred to only as the Communists; South Vietnam is designated as South Vietnam. Reading his speech, one would get no idea that Vietnam has existed as one country for centuries. No one would guess that as many as two-thirds of the population in the South



The Special (Brussels)

[1] Writing in *The Christian Century* of November 5, D. Gareth Porter and Len E. Ackland say that complaints investigated by the International Control Commission disclosed no evidence of reprisal killings on a scale that could possibly be called a massacre, let alone a "blood bath." They note also that the killings which did occur were in connection with the land reform program, that by mid-1956 Ho was aware that the program had been a disaster, that he dismissed Truong Chinh, primary advocate of an extreme, "Chinese" policy in agriculture, and launched a "campaign for rectification of errors."

[2] One of the authors of the *Christian Century* article previously cited was in Hue shortly after its recapture. From interviews with officials in the city, he learned that the Vietcong arrived in the city with a very short list of names—mostly special police—marked for execution. A much longer list contained those—soldiers, police, government functionaries and employees of the Americans—who were to be placed under observation. It was not until late in the siege of the city, when the Vietcong knew that it would have to get out, that a considerable number of these were killed. "The mass executions perpetrated [in Hue] were not the result of a policy on the part of a victorious government but rather the revenge of an army in retreat."

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may agree with the Northerners, and that many families have members in both parts of the country. Few Vietnamese would heed his ultimate call for inhumanity of a most callous sort, his Vietnamization policy that calls for Vietnamese to kill Vietnamese.

All of Hanoi's leaders to whom I spoke talked of the need for reconciliation amongst all Vietnamese. The coalition they call for is broad enough to include representation from all groups, including even members of the Thieu-Ky cabinet. I believe that it is their intention to re-enact what was in fact the nonreprisal policy of 1954 at the end of this war. If Nixon were serious about his eagerness for peace, and if he were also serious about his fear of reprisals, he would be talking about the need for reconciliation. If he thought that some method would be necessary to insure proper safety, a reconstituted International Control Commission would be surely acceptable to Hanoi; in my discussions, it was considered as a possibility. Instead, the President conjured up a bloody specter in the future to excuse and justify the blood that is being spilled today, tomorrow and for as long as myths are permitted to prolong this war.

END OF SEPARATION?

Church, State and the Courts

GEORGE R. LA NOUE
Mr. La Noue is associate professor of government and education at Teachers College, Columbia University.

Since World War II, there has been a radical transformation of church-state relations that has passed almost unnoticed. Church and state are linked today in a whole series of federal programs. Indeed, under current laws and operating practices, a church institution can obtain its land from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare via the General Services Administration; its mortgage insurance from the Housing and Home Finance Agency; its food from the Department of Agriculture; its wine from the Department of the Treasury; and its prospective members from the Office of Economic Opportunity. Should it encounter an act of God, the church institution can turn to the Small Business Administration for a disaster loan. This is something less than separation of church and state.

There is no need for a conspiracy theory to explain this departure from the separation tradition. It is simply that many men in many programs made pragmatic and political decisions until the principle was overwhelmed. Madison and Jefferson's separation of church and state is, after all, an 18th-century concept of limited government that does not fit easily into the operation of a welfare state. For example, when the Hill-Burton Act of 1946 put the federal government into the business of financing hospital expansion, it certainly seemed practical to include the 13 per cent of the hospitals that belonged to churches. Similar decisions were made as new housing, foreign aid and educational programs were created. In the struggle to increase public services, liberals found that churches were valuable allies; conservatives, loath to multiply public bureaucracies, preferred to fund church and other private agencies to carry out the new programs. Churchmen were not only pleased to offer their institutions' services as a matter of social conscience; they also intensively lobbied for the privilege, as a matter of financial necessity. Beyond money, in an era when the existence of God is questioned in clerical circles, churches gain prestige and a sense of purpose from participating in federal programs.

What does the Supreme Court think of this abandonment of the principle of separation of church and state? We have only clues, since the Court does not render advisory opinions and previous cases have not dealt with federal programs. Nevertheless, in opinions on other questions, Justice Black has suggested that tax aid to church colleges is unconstitutional, and Justice Douglas, after listing many of the federal activities involving churches, tersely concluded: "I think it an unconstitutional undertaking whatever form it takes."

These programs, nevertheless, appeared to be forever immune from legal challenge. In 1923, in *Frothingham* v. *Mellon,* the Court adopted the sensible rule that being a taxpayer did not give one sufficient enough stake to initiate litigation regarding federal expenditures. Consequently, even if Congress had made a direct grant to a particular church, there seemed no way to bring the issue into court. Yet the Establishment Clause was specifically designed to protect citizens from being taxed for religious purposes, so last year in *Flast* v. *Cohen* the Court made a special exception to the *Frothingham* rule to permit taxpayer suits against federal programs which allegedly aid churches. Before these cases arrive, however, the Court has decided to straighten out the old question of whether the churches themselves should pay taxes.

Like most tax questions, the issue of ecclesiastical exemptions is enormously complex, both legally and fiscally. Nobody is even certain how much money is at stake. A *CBS News* special last year reported that taxes on church property would amount to $1 billion, but that nice round figure looks suspiciously inexact. Martin A. Larson, in *Church Wealth and Business Income* (1968), suggests that church property totals $102.5 billion, which if taxed at ordinary rates would produce $6.5 billion in federal and state revenue.

Estimates of the yield of proposed taxes are notoriously optimistic, but exemption for churches extends considerably beyond the property tax privilege. Tax loopholes for churches are scattered throughout state and federal revenue codes. Although clerics pay income taxes, they do not have to include church-provided living quarters or cash

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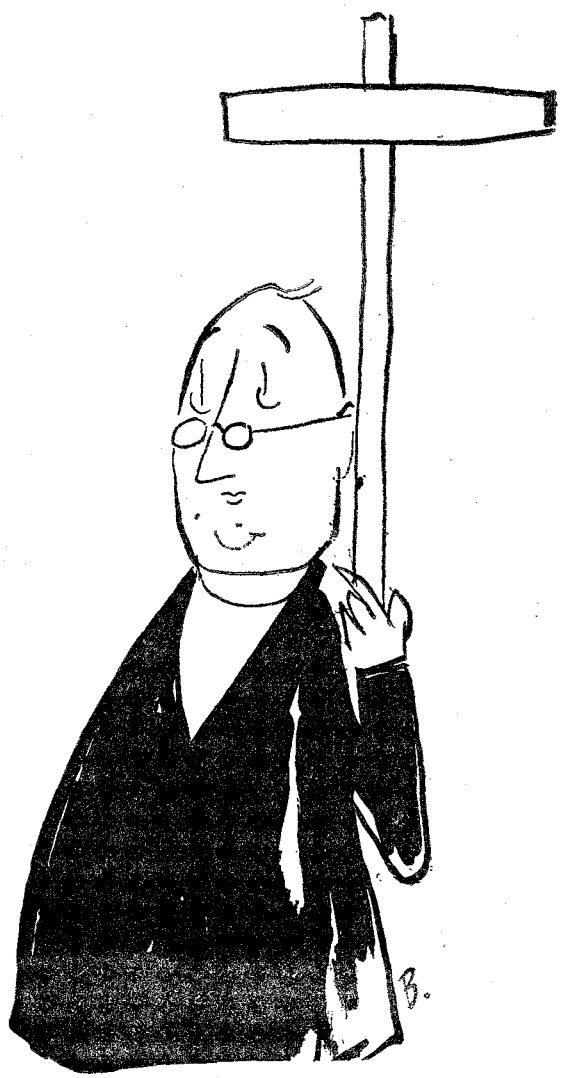
housing allowances as income. Nor need they pay Social Security taxes unless they choose to, and their religious employers are exempt from unemployment taxes. Gifts to churches, whether the donor is alive or dead (estate taxes) are privileged deductions. Churches are exempt from excise taxes on musical instruments and jewelry used for religious purposes; even when they promote a gentle vice (lotteries), they need not pay federal wagering taxes.

However, the most controversy has been caused by the fact that churches are permitted to engage in ordinary secular business without paying income taxes. The sharpies have discovered this gimmick: new "churches" have been set up to run businesses and old churches have found themselves "owners" of businesses under lease-back arrangements. The parade of horrible examples has become so long that even the men who must balance the church ledgers are embarrassed. In the last two years, spokesmen for the major Protestant denominations, joined by Catholics and Jews, made statements favoring the end of exemptions on church-run secular business, though their generosity has not followed their logic to the point of paying taxes on stock profits (where the real money is). Nevertheless, volunteer taxpayers are a rarity and the IRS and Congress quickly accepted the churches' offer. The tax reform bill, which at this point has passed the House and the Senate Finance Committees, would gradually phase out the churches' privileges as business owners. On at least one tax issue, then, it seems that church and state are about to quietly compromise.



Render Unto IRS

That sets the stage for the next step. Last June, the Court announced that it had accepted for review the case of *Walz* v. *Tax Commission of the City of New York*, which involves the exemption of property used for religious purposes. Civil liberties lawyers were stunned. Four times before, in 1956, 1961, 1963 and 1966, the Court had refused to hear such cases. Now in the middle of the new Congressional debate about church taxes, the Court had elected to decide a case that had not received a single dissenting vote in three lower courts.

Frederick Walz, an elderly lawyer, bought a 22 by 24-foot piece of Staten Island in order to create a $5.24 property tax that would give him standing to sue. His insistence on arguing his own case finally led the ACLU (despite deep differences within the organization on both tactics and principles) to offer its services, so that the issue could be seriously presented. On November 19, Edward Ennis, Chairman of ACLU, made the oral argument to the Court. Mr. Walz's other supporter is Madelyn Murray O'Hair, who initiated one of the cases that ended public school prayer and Bible reading and who now claims to be the "sole spokesman" for 6.5 million non-believing Americans. After reading her brief, Mr. Walz may have recalled the saying, "With friends like that who needs enemies?" He has, of course, already made legal enemies in abundance. Opposing his suit are no less than the City of New York, represented by J. Lee Rankin, who is the former Solicitor General of the United States; thirty-seven states, and the National Council of Churches, the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops and the Synagogue Council of America.

Most professionals concerned with church-state problems are convinced that Walz will lose, although respectable arguments can be made for his position. The Supreme Court has previously defined the Establishment Clause as forbidding "laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another." Tax exemption is certainly a form of aid, but it is very unlikely the Court will require taxation of religiously used property.

What is in doubt, however, is the kind of rationale the Court will use to uphold the practice. This is a tricky matter because the adoption of a particular position in this case may determine future Court decisions on church-state problems and influence the responses of other courts and governmental agencies to other religious issues.

The lower courts appeared to be convinced by the fact that this kind of tax exemption is an ancient practice, deeply embedded in local custom, but a lazy judicial historicism is not in itself sufficient. Practices with equal historical validity, segregation, school prayers and malapportionment, have recently been barred by the Supreme Court. Nor can the Court follow earlier state decisions that upheld exemption on the ground that church charitable activity would otherwise have to be provided by the state. The *quid pro quo* won't apply here, because the tax in question is on religiously used property, and worship is not a function the state can constitutionally perform. A more subtle position is the defense of tax exemp-

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tion because of the value of churches as a civilizing agent. Any judicial statement in that direction could be expanded by others to argue for more direct governmental encouragement of religion. While recognizing the historical and cultural significance of religion, the Court nevertheless made a firm commitment in the school prayer cases to a philosophy of legal neutrality between religion and irreligion.

This leaves the principle of separation of church and state itself as the best reason for exempting church property. But isn't tax exemption really the same kind of establishment of religion that a grant to a church would be? Not quite. Churches benefit from both, but the church-state relations are very different. Under the exemptions, churches must appeal for support to the conscience of their members, not to the state. Grants depend on regular legislative and administrative action, which necessarily engages churches in contests for political power (even to the point of blocking public programs which do not include them). That is exactly what separation was meant to avoid. Exemptions minimize church-state contacts; indeed their removal would involve the government in the sticky business of assessing church property and occasionally auctioning it off for nonpayment of taxes. The National Council of Churches' brief expresses this separationist rationale by saying: "The First Amendment is in perfect balance. It forbids the State to give to or take from the Church."

If the Court accepts this position it will be a signal to the lower courts now confronting suits over legislative grants to church-related institutions, and it may be the clue that explains why the Court went out of its way to decide this strange case. If the Court, at the same time that it moves to restrict the tax funds which church agencies have been receiving through public programs, also protects the religiously used property of the church from taxation, the blow will be softened. This kind of judicial concern for religious sensibilities has occurred before. In 1963, on the same day, the Court eliminated public school prayers (*Abington*) and affirmed the right to unemployment compensation of a Seventh Day Adventist who had lost his job through a refusal to work on Saturday (*Sherbert* v. *Verner*). Last summer, when the court opened the door to suits against federal grants to church institutions (*Flast*), it upheld, again on the same day, state provision of textbooks to parochial school students (*Board of Education* v. *Allen*).

Two major kinds of institutional aid should arrive in the Supreme Court in the next two years: aid to church-related colleges and support of parochial schools. Cases are already in the courts in Vermont and New Jersey on the validity of state loans to church colleges, but the critical case will be *Tilton* v. *Finch*. There the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Jewish Congress are using the new privilege granted in *Flast* to support a taxpayer who is trying to halt federal funds at four Connecticut colleges: Albertus Magnus, Annhurst, Fairfield and Sacred Heart. (These are all Catholic; the colleges that Protestants founded in the 18th century no longer have church ties.) Edward Bennett Williams has been hired by the colleges and Leo Pfeffer is the attorney for the plaintiff. Oral argument that will try to document the actual religious practices in the colleges began on December 2 before a three judge federal district court. No matter who wins the first round, the other side will surely appeal.

Also coming up the judicial ladder are cases involving the use of public funds in parochial schools. Last spring more than twenty states experienced conflict over this issue that embittered local elections and tied up legislatures. More than 90 per cent of all students in private education in this country attend Catholic parochial schools; great issues of money, educational values and equality of opportunity are at stake.

From 1940 to 1960 Catholic school enrollment grew three times faster than that of public schools, but recently it has begun to decline slowly. Other private school systems are booming, but the movement of Catholics to the suburbs, growing division within the Church and the defection of the teaching clergy have had negative effects on parochial schools. The bishops are worried; parents are apprehensive; legislators are feeling their concern and wondering themselves about the cost to the state if many Catholic schools should close.

Reflecting these anxieties, the Pennsylvania state Assembly last year passed a new kind of law (since copied in Rhode Island, Ohio, Connecticut and pending in Michigan) to prop up parochial schools. A part of horse-racing revenue was set aside for payments to private schools for the teaching of sciences, for languages, mathematics and physical education, the theory being that the state was merely purchasing a service. This act is now being challenged in the U.S. District Court of Eastern Pennsylvania by the State Council of Churches, the Jewish Community Relations Conference, Americans United for Separation of Church and State, and the ACLU.

These organizations have traditionally been interested in religious liberty questions, but this law has broader implications. In order to provide a patina of constitutionality, the legislature had to include nonsectarian private schools in its provisions. These schools are often wealthy academies like the 726-student Penn Charter School, which despite its $3.7 million endowment, four gymnasiums, two swimming pools, and a separate parking lot for juniors and seniors, will receive $57,000 under the state program. By adopting the purchase of service theory, the legislature has committed itself to subsidizing the high per-pupil cost of the prep school, while the traditionally low-budgeted parochial schools are not receiving nearly as much as they expected.

There is a grimmer aspect. To fund this program fully, allotments to urban public schools were cut, even though some ghetto children in Philadelphia attend double sessions and the school year may have to be reduced for lack of money. Escape from these conditions, as well as integration, are, of course, reasons why the white middle-class private schools are growing. The circle is vicious and the Pennsylvania State Educational Association and the NAACP have also joined the litigation to stop it.

On the other side, the Commonwealth is naturally supported by the Pennsylvania Catholic Conference, the Jewish Day Schools and the Association of Independent

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Schools. They concede that it would be unconstitutional to finance religious education, but they argue that the particular subjects being aided are secular. Even if that is true, Justice Douglas has pointed out:

> The most effective way to establish any institution is to finance it; and this truth is reflected in the appeals by the church groups for public funds to finance their religious schools. Financing a church either in its strictly religious activities or in its other activities is equally unconstitutional, as I understand the Establishment Clause. Budgets for one activity may be technically separable from budgets for others. But the institution is an inseparable whole. . . .

Even if the parochial schools were to win this case, they might lose in the long run. To obtain tax support, they must get the courts to agree that they are providing a public service. But institutions that provide a public service with public funds are increasingly bound by a whole series of constitutional interpretations regarding discrimination and due process. Justice Jackson once said:

> But we cannot have it both ways. Religious teaching cannot be a private affair when the state seeks to impose regulations which infringe on it indirectly, and a public affair when it comes to taxing citizens of one faith to aid another, or those of no faith to aid all. . . . If the state may aid these religious schools, it may therefore regulate them. . . .

Yet if a parochial school cannot use religious criteria to select its students, faculty and curricula, what is its reason for existence? In the long run the price of state aid is secularization.

Church agencies that control public funds in educational, medical or housing programs cannot be permitted to discriminate religiously or follow sectarian restrictions. They will become secular holding companies for the carrying out of legislatively determined activities. Except in unusual circumstances, do we today really need to have churches manage such public programs? It might be a sounder policy to preserve churches as independent, voluntarily supported centers of moral concern about the goals of man and society. Why not preserve the separation of church and state?

REGULAR OR PREMIUM?

THE OCTANE NUMBERS GAME

A. Q. MOWBRAY
Mr. Mowbray is the author of Road to Ruin *and* The Thumb on the Scale *(both J. B. Lippincott).*

The men of the oil industry, whose recent public works include the slick along the Santa Barbara beaches, and whose plans for improving Alaska include a 48-inch pipe line 800 miles long from the north coast to the south, have also been laboring to prevent the Federal Trade Commission from making a fool of itself over a thing called the octane number of gasoline. To appreciate the scope of the oil men's public service, one must first understand octane number.

The mixture of gasoline vapor and air in the cylinder of an automobile engine should burn evenly and smoothly. The flame should move steadily outward from the spark and sweep through the cylinder like a ripple on a pond. Sometimes, however, after the flame has consumed only part of the mixture, the remainder flashes spontaneously like a miniature explosion. This tiny detonation wastes power, and can damage the engine. The motorist hears it as a sharp "ping" or knock. The way to prevent this knock is to increase the octane number of the gasoline.

In their eager search for higher horsepower, engine designers usually resort to higher compression ratios, which means that they squeeze the fuel-air mixture more tightly in the cylinder before igniting it by the spark. As compression ratio rises, the tendency to knock increases, so a higher octane number is demanded of the gasoline. High-performance engines thus require higher-octane fuel. This is why the beetle gets along fine on "regular" gasoline, while the V-8 bomb thirsts for "premium."

Since it is the key to good engine performance, high octane is first in the oil men's thoughts. Indeed, in exchanges of gasoline among the various brand-name producers, which occur regularly as one facility or another suffers from a brief shortage, the octane number is often the only basis for barter. One can see tank trucks with various brand names painted on their sides drawn up at the same pipe-line terminal and feeding from a common dug. So many gallons at a given octane number.

High octane is also expensive. It costs the petroleum industry about $150 million per year to increase the rating by one number, from 94 octane, say, to 95. The cost to the motorist is roughly a penny per gallon for each unit increase in octane number. Typical "premium" gasolines, with octane ratings around 100, cost about 6c more per gallon than typical "regular" gasolines, with ratings around 94.

The American Society for Testing Materials (ASTM), the authority in this field, names octane number as the most costly element in gasoline production. The industry is also proud of high octane. Sun Oil Co. is now advertising that its "260 blend" will give you the highest octane number available in any gasoline station. Getty is touting its single-grade gasoline—no regular, *all* premium—"the finest premium gasoline money can buy (every gallon 100 octane plus)."

The motorist, however, should not get carried away with the notion that a sufficiently high octane number will make his old bus fly like a kite. He should use the lowest octane number that prevents knocking in his engine. As one petroleum expert puts it, octane number is

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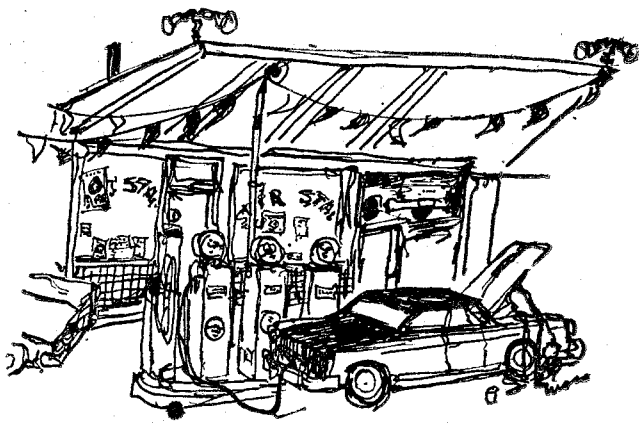
like vitamins—once you have enough there is no gain in paying for more. Beyond that, it is a civic duty to fill up with just the right octane number. If it is either too low *or too high,* the car pours abnormally high pollution out of its tailpipe. According to the National Air Pollution Control Administration, a fuel too low in octane will produce more smog than it should, and one too high in octane will fill the air with highly poisonous lead fumes.

Now back to the Federal Trade Commission. Some weeks ago, the FTC officially observed that the petroleum industry does not tell the motorist the octane number of the gasoline he buys. The words "regular" and "premium" on the pump mean only that the octane number, allegedly, falls somewhere within an ill-defined range of values. This the FTC called "unfair" and "deceptive," and it announced its intention to force service stations to post the "research" octane number right on the pump,



so that we can all count the stripes on the tiger going into our tank.

The petroleum people were jolted by this threat to their habitual reticence on trade matters and, during the three-day hearing held by the FTC on its proposal in the middle of October, top officials from most of the oil companies hurried to Washington to explain carefully that the FTC proposal is unwise and unworkable. For one thing, said Standard Oil's C. R. Elder, Jr., posting of the octane number would exaggerate the importance of that single measure of quality, causing the consumer to turn his back on all the other fine qualities of gasoline on which the petroleum industry has lavished so many advertising dollars. Things like good mileage, fast starting, clean carburetors. At one point in his testimony, apparently carried away by the virtue of his cause, Mr. Elder stated flatly that "octane rating is not indicative of gasoline quality."

The specifications for gasoline published by the ASTM give, as the other qualities of gasoline: volatility, corrosive properties, sulfur content, gum and residue. ASTM puts these qualities in perspective by stating that "specifications covering anti-knock quality and volatility define the general character of a fuel. The other requirements limit minor components of undesirable nature to concentrations so low they will not have an adverse effect on engine performance."

One other attribute of gasoline is mileage. The miles he gets per gallon is a point of pride with every car owner. Knowing this, the oil companies spend untold millions on uncounted hours of public air time to push mileage as a benefit of this or that brand. Yet Phillip S. Meyers, a professor of mechanical engineering at the University of Wisconsin and this year's president of the Society of Automotive Engineers, told the FTC that miles-per-gallon "does not vary markedly between typical commercial gasolines."

Refiners also add pinches of this and that to their brew to affect storage stability, detergency, carburetor icing and other aspects of gasoline performance. These additives comprise a world of utter mystery to the consumer who can only wonder vaguely whether it is possible that Mobil knows something that Humble does not.

Having made their point that octane number is not the *only* measure of gasoline quality, the oil industry experts neglected to recommend the next logical step: a regulation requiring that *all* the major quality characteristics be posted. Instead, they went on to a second argument for keeping octane numbers pleasantly vague. It was presented by a Mobil Oil vice president, Joe E. Penick. If the consumer understood the meaning of the octane number, said Mr. Penick, then perhaps the FTC might have something. "But it is safe to say that the consumer does not understand octane and, likely as not, he attributes meanings to it that bear little relation to fact. Compulsory posting would further mislead him."

But the American people believe in nothing if they do not believe in education, and it is easy to visualize massive advertising campaigns, sponsored by the petroleum industry, saturating the nation's television viewers with facts about octane. Still, the oil men worry that giving the motorist too much information about the octane number of his gasoline would lead him into the error of believing that higher octane is always better. This could end only in what several of them termed an "octane numbers game" at the service station. The petroleum industry is well known for its aversion to games of any kind, and for its meticulous efforts to suppress the tendency of some operators to run their stations like bingo parlors!

The oil experts had one final carp. The so-called "research" octane number, which the FTC proposed to write on the pumps, is measured in a laboratory under precisely controlled conditions, and does not necessarily tell the motorist what the actual octane rating is for his particular engine under a given set of road conditions. Here again, however, industry spokesmen pointed the way out of the difficulty. Leo A. McReynolds, a Phillips Petroleum official, told the commission that his company "recognized over a year ago that research octane number was not an adequate measurement of how a gasoline performed in the automobile of the consuming public." His company knew that "we could give the customer the most for his money and dependable, consistent performance by manufacturing our gasolines with octane quality control on the basis of road performance." To accomplish this, it is using "a combination of research and motor ratings to arrive at a predicted road octane performance." This, said Mr. McReynolds, "is distinctly of benefit to the consuming public."

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This line of thought was confirmed by other industry witnesses: Francis C. Moriarty, Marathon Oil Co., told the FTC that "road octane tests closely describe how a commercial gasoline is likely to perform in the average motorist's car." Walter Famariss, Jr., president of the American Petroleum Refiners Association, stated categorically that "the only true test of gasoline quality is road or performance octane." The solution is so plain that one wonders how the oil men missed it. The FTC should simply change its proposed regulation to require the posting of the "road" octane number, rather than the "research" number.

Sun Oil's Theodore A. Burtis offered the commission an alternative to its proposal—"custom blending." This system is based on eight "custom blending" numbers, from 190 to 260, which are posted on the Sun Oil pumps, and which give the motorist a choice of eight blends. The meaning of the numbers is known only to Sun Oil and to God, but it is probably safe to assume that the octane number of the gasoline increases with the blending number. Mr. Burtis outlined the following gasoline shopping scenario to the commission:

> We recommend this approach: try the recommended fuel: if it is satisfactory, try the next lower priced blend; if that is also satisfactory, go another step lower; if the car knocks, then go back up a blend. In this way, each motorist will end up with the proper octane for his automobile, as proven in his own car, without having to buy a fuel of higher octane, and at higher cost, than he needs.

The solid wisdom of this advice, to anyone who understands octane rating and its central role in engine performance, is inescapable. Only one small revision seems necessary: remove the mystifying and confusing "custom blending number" from the pumps and replace it with octane number. This apparently did not occur to Mr. Burtis at the moment.

L. E. Kincannon, Rock Island Refining Corp., told the commissioners that the motorist himself is "the best judge of a gasoline's quality, based upon the performance in his own car." If he hears his engine knocking, he will know that the octane rating of his gasoline is too low and that he "should move up to a higher octane." Mobil Oil's Joe Penick said that the solution would be to "switch to a higher grade or perhaps even to a different brand." All excellent advice, but how is the motorist to follow it unless he knows the octane rating of the gasoline he proposes to buy?

All these things must by now have occurred to the representatives of the petroleum industry—even to Mr. Famariss, whose parting words to the commissioners admonished them to look elsewhere for salvation: "If the Federal Trade Commission will withdraw this proposal, I can assure you the good old spirit of red, white and blue free enterprise will give the public the best gasoline possible at bargain prices."

DOGMA FROM CLEVELAND

INFILTRATING THE CURRICULUM

TERENCE SHERIDAN and DONALD L. BARLETT

Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Barlett are investigative reporters for the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cleveland

Few things are as impressive as dedicated bankers and industrialists, the silent minority, in hot pursuit of a mission. When Sputnik went up spectacularly in 1957, Cleveland's corporate elites sat down quietly to assemble an educational strike force to fight communism. The result was a businessmen's $14 million Tinker Toy, the Educational Research Council of America (ERCA), a nonprofit, tax-exempt organization which does little research but a lot of propagandizing of "moral and spiritual" values.

ERCA materials are used by more than 250,000 students in twenty-five school districts. The participating school districts include nineteen in suburban Cleveland (the schools in Cleveland itself have declined to sign on, despite some subtle pressure by the business community) and six from other states—Bradford, Pa.; Brockton, Mass.; Muskegon, Mich.; Niles, Mich.; Owatonna, Minn., and Summit, N.J.

In addition, millions of other students in all fifty states use textbooks developed by ERCA, which has received and spent some $14 million in the last decade, much of the money coming in the form of tax dollars from the school districts, contributions from tax-free foundations and tax-deductible donations by prominent businessmen and major corporations.

When formed ten years ago, the council was called Educational Research Council of Greater Cleveland. It had fewer than thirty employees and a budget of less than $400,000. Today, with a new name and offices sprawled across more than 50,000 square feet on six floors of the Rockefeller Building in downtown Cleveland, the council employs about 230. The free-spending council, lately living in the shadow of controversy, went through $3.6 million last year.

School districts that are members pay a percentage of their operating budget to ERCA, with the maximum figure at 0.6 per cent. Council officials say the maximum will eventually rise to a flat 1 per cent. Fees levied during the 1967-68 fiscal year ranged from a low of $7,000 for Owatonna, Minn., to a high of $33,623 for Brockton, Mass.

In the council's first annual report—made possible by a $100,000 seed-money grant from the Cleveland

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Foundation—it was noted: "We live in an age in which military peril and ideological conflict relentlessly challenge our most cherished democratic concepts. If we are to meet such a challenge successfully, our schools must do their part by rising to higher levels of purpose as well as excellence."

It soon became clear that ERCA's chief concern was ideology, not gifted use of slide rules. Dr. George H. Baird, council founder and $37,000-a-year executive director, summarized those higher levels of purpose in a 1966 meeting of ERCA trustees and school board members: "The [school] superintendents said that moral and spiritual values should be brought into the curriculum. It was logical and right that these values be brought into the curriculum in the field of social sciences. As a result the effort is being made." The values, as defined by the corporate fraternity, were predictable: My country right or wrong, the work ethic and an omniscient God to endorse establishment values.

One of the largest contributors, the Cleveland Foundation, has awarded the council grants totaling some $615,000 from the time it was organized in 1958. Every year since then, ERCA has had at least one trustee serving with the Cleveland Foundation; as many as three ERCA officers and trustees have been associated with the foundation at one time.

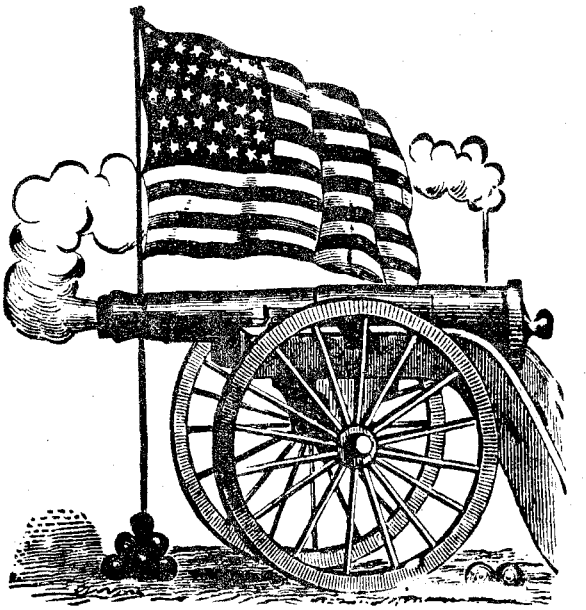
When the foundation midwifed the council, the late George Gund, vice president of ERCA, was president of the Cleveland Trust Co., and chairman of the foundation's trustee committee. Harry F. Burmester, one of four organizers of ERCA and board treasurer, was president of Union Commerce Bank, one of the four Cleveland banks then responsible for management of the foundation's assets.

Raymond Q. Armington, president of Triax Co., was appointed in 1965 to the foundation's five-member distribution committee, which selects recipients for grants. He has served as ERCA president and has been a council trustee since 1959. He is currently chairman of the ERCA board and a member of the foundation distribution panel.

When the foundation gave $88,000 to the council in 1966, Armington was on the distribution committee, Gund was chairman of the trustee committee and Burmester was a member of the trustee committee. And all were ERCA board members.

Another example of philanthropic inbreeding is the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Foundation, which has made grants to ERCA. It is headed by Ralph M. Besse, board chairman of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co. (CEI) and one of the organizers of ERCA. He has served as either vice president or vice chairman and secretary of the council since 1959.

Besse, professional industrialist and amateur poet, played prophet in a 19-page summary of a book, *The Ruling Masses,* that he said would never be written. The summary was about power and was written in 1951. Bound in a plain brown wrapper and entitled, "The Role of Power in the Future Course of Western Civilization," the summary was given to the Cleveland Public Library in 1955. In it Besse wrote:



To those who have the ability and the inclination to manage others, there is a satisfaction in power—in its development, its use, its very existence—unmatched by any other emotion.

The control of institutions is normally in the hands of just such men—able, energetic and ambitious. This is the stuff of which successful management is made, whether it be management of a religious, political, business, welfare or labor institution.

Wary of the masses, the CEI president opts for enlightened leadership, as expressed in his poem, "Rubaiyat for Moderns," also presented to the Cleveland Public Library:

The lesser blessed must seek the sage's sight
Like tiny tendrils reaching for the light.
Why else would God give man alone the power?
To blind divine-like justice with his might.

And to the masses, a word from an able, energetic and ambitious corporate leader:

The opiate of leisure fogs the mind
Of misled men whose leadership is blind
Forgetting what their heritage has taught
They let their right to work become confined.

Thus value teaching as a tool to fight communism is at the base of ERCA. At the 1967 meeting of council trustees and school board members, Dr. A. B. Bonds, president of Baldwin-Wallace College, warned: "There are apostles of discord abroad in this land. . . . A pattern has gradually become apparent to me to suggest that there are deliberate efforts afoot to disrupt the total school system of this beloved country of ours.

"I despise and reject the specter of McCarthyism, but I must say to you that we must be especially vigilant in the days ahead because public schools are the next target of these apostles of discord and those of you who labor there are in for trouble."

Later, Dr. Baird, one-time director of research for the Shaker Heights schools, was asked about the apostles of discord. He said: "The central committee of the Communist Party has decided that the logical place to make an attack on America is through the school board and

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education." Joe McCarthy's specter must have been mollified by Dr. Baird's interpretation of Dr. Bonds.

An ERCA handbook distributed to social science teachers urges, as one of the course's objectives, the "appreciation of the concept of the American nation, indivisible, under God, extending the blessings of earned responsibility and freedom under law to other nations."

To every donor goes a thank-you letter from Baird. When Harry L. Jackson, president of the Lubrizol Foundation, sent in $15,000, Baird wrote: "As you know, we are striving to bring thousands of youngsters under a curriculum that communicates values while it makes them competent citizens, and, Harry, we are succeeding little by little." In a letter to Arthur Holden, Baird comments on a $75,000 donation from the Martha Holden Jennings Foundation: "We are trying to build the best possible program in social science so that the youngsters of today will be the right kind of citizens tomorrow." Richman Bros. Co. received this social insight for a donation of only $300: "Nationally, rioters are, in general, non-readers, and non-readers can be led easier to do wrong things than readers."

But while ERCA was sailing along, teaching values and making readers of potential rioters in suburban schools, something went awry. Inept bookkeeping, under the direction of Leonida (Coca) Romanos, former Romanian newspaper man, one-time wine salesman, resident financial expert and close personal friend of Baird, put the council in a fiscal crunch. Romanos, co-founder of the council, is a high school dropout who was once described by Baird as a product of three European universities. His credentials to be second in command at the council appear to be that he is Baird's friend and that he has written an anti-Communist manifesto, "This World War III," as yet unpublished.

Also, ERCA's social science material, in its haste to inculcate all those seemly values, took a short cut through scholarship and produced a distorted view of minority groups. Slavery in elementary texts, for example, is curiously idyllic. Slaves are viewed as a commodity much in demand by benevolent cotton and tobacco growers. The master is genteel and the slaves sing a lot.

Two years ago Encyclopaedia Britannica Educational Corp. (EBEC), an affiliate of *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* paid ERCA $1.2 million to buy its way out of a contract that called for publication and nationwide sale of ERCA textbooks. The underlying reasons for the rejection, according to sources close to both the council and Britannica, were that ERCA social science textbooks were largely "lily white" and that the few references made to minority groups were considered paternalistic at best, racist at worst. The contract disaster sparked an executive explosion at Britannica that blew EBEC president William Benton out of his job.

Asked about the treatment of minority groups, social science program director Raymond English, British-born former chairman of the Department of Political Science at Kenyon College and an ex-major in the British Army, replied: "It's not racist. It was simply a 1950s approach rather than a 1960s approach. Some things slipped in, but unless you are sensitive to those things you don't notice. We work fast here. You can't spend time inspecting your navel. You got to get the stuff out."

Responding to ERCA's recent financial crisis, the Martha Holden Jennings Foundation, which shares offices with the Cleveland and Greater Cleveland Associated Foundations, commissioned a secret, $20,000 study of the council by a five-man team of Harvard educators, headed by Dr. Herold C. Hunt, Eliot Professor of Education at Harvard and former superintendent of Chicago schools.

The 140-page report charged that director Baird was "engaging in fiscal brinkmanship" and that the council's "administrative management is not satisfactory, at least on the financial side of the operation." The report pointed out that school districts which are council members pay three times for materials produced by ERCA. It stressed that there "will be a need for cash donations of something approximating $3.3 million by the end of fiscal 1970."

The team found that, over the last six years, the council has spent from 138 per cent to 191 per cent of its annual earned income, and estimated the council's operating loss for the current fiscal year at $1,835,420—nearly double the loss of last year.

All this, needless to say, distressed the corporate leaders, particularly banker Burmester, who had boasted in 1965: "We operate on budgets and we will not spend more than we receive. I want to pay a compliment to our financial staff. We have a very competent staff."

Yet the Harvard study was admittedly restricted and definitely in-house. No attempt was made to conduct a detailed audit to show where the money was going or to evaluate curriculum material. The team said its "over-all evaluation of ERCA as a curriculum development center is generally favorable. The work deserves to continue—in some form."

When a copy of the secret documents was leaked to the press, Besse and colleagues reacted predictably. They hired Selvage, Lee & Howard, the nation's sixth largest public relations firm, and called a press conference, during which they blithely repudiated such parts of the report as displeased them. However, ERCA board chairman Armington expressed the sentiments of the closely knit consortium of financiers when he bravely observed: "This will probably mean some short-term embarrassment." Armington's connection with ERCA is personal as well as professional. His son, a college flunk-out, spent last summer writing social studies material for the council, at $28 a day.

Despite the efforts by the silent minority to keep things operating smoothly and quietly, the albatross of controversy persists. Washington Township, a management-oriented, predominantly Republican community of one polo field and several rolling hills just south of Dayton, Ohio, split two years ago on the issue of ERCA membership—a five-year, $87,405 contract. Six taxpayers challenged the legality of the continuing contract and raised the question of conflict of interest in the dual position of school board member Edwin H. Vause, who is also vice president of the Kettering Foundation, which contributed $675,000 to ERCA's social science program, the largest single grant received by the council.

Following an investigation by the Montgomery County

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prosecutor's office in Dayton, a clause was added to give the school board the option to review the ERCA contract annually. Vause was absolved of conflict of interest, Paul Fleischauer, assistant county prosecutor, asserting: "It was found that donors to the Educational Research Council are quite numerous and are big institutions such as General Electric. They are all top-notch."

That sort of faith in the establishment is the value that ERCA likes to see taught in the schools. Or as poet Besse puts it:

Impartial nature gives to each at birth
A chance to demonstrate his social worth—
The power to choose lets high or low elect
To walk with pride and purpose on earth.

STATEHOOD FOR MICRONESIA

ERNEST GRUENING

Inept and disastrous as our foreign policy has become—Vietnam; support of loathsome dictatorships in Greece and Spain; the multiple fiasco in Latin America, strikingly disclosed in Rockefeller's visits; the exploding Middle East and, as a consequence of our extravagant global policing and our military superkill obsessions, including nerve gas and until recently germs, the neglect of the pressing issues at home—there lies in between the foreign and domestic failures an area of success and achievement. It is in our colonial, or better said, our anti-colonial policy.

It goes back a third of a century, to the enlightened policies of Franklin D. Roosevelt, reaffirmed and expanded by Harry Truman, which succeeding administrations have not disturbed. They began when FDR, by Executive order, created a new agency, the Division of Territories and Island Possessions in the Department of the Interior.

In September 1934, when I became director of this new agency, Roosevelt briefed me on each of our outlying dependent areas. He was well-informed on them all. In general, the new agency was to have supervision of their federal relations, and to assist them in every way possible in compensation for their lack of voting representation in the Congress.

"Isn't this agency," I suggested, "the equivalent of the British colonial office?"

"I suppose it is," said the President.

"Well, I think a democracy shouldn't have colonies," I said.

The President smiled and nodded in assent. "See what you can work out."

It was not very specific, but I felt that it was a mandate to proceed.

Now what is the record thirty-five years later? The Philippines are independent; Alaska and Hawaii are states; Puerto Rico has the political status that its people desired; elective governorship has been granted to the Virgin Islands and Guam. And concomitant with this validation of the most basic of American principles—government by consent of the governed—each of these former dependencies enjoys unprecedented economic well-being.

These two—political equality and economic self-sufficiency—should be our ultimate objectives for all our dependencies. While Samoa has had some increased attention and economic progress, it has not yet achieved the degree of self-government of our other two small island possessions, the Virgin Islands and Guam. Samoans are United States nationals but they are not citizens of the United States.

Nor is political and economic equality quite achieved with the elective governorships of the Virgin Islands and Guam. However, the impeding factor in these cases is lack of population and, as yet, an economic self-sufficiency to warrant the ultimate objective. It would be difficult to justify statehood for either of them now. The same applies to Micronesia, the trust territory mandated to the United States by the United Nations since 1947, and administered under the direction and supervision of the Department of the Interior.

Is there a remedy? I proposed a possible long-range solution which occurred to me after a study trip to Samoa and Micronesia in 1960. Paradoxically, the idea originated in the Senate debates on Hawaiian statehood. Opponents of the measure argued that since Hawaii, far out in the Pacific, was separated from the forty-eight states by international waters, and even graver, since international waters separated the several Hawaiian Islands, statehood was unthinkable. Nevertheless the objection proved to be without validity and Hawaii achieved statehood. The various islands are counties of the fiftieth state.

Why not, at some future time, all parties being in agreement, annex Micronesia, Guam, Samoa, Wake, Midway, Johnston, Palmyra and other U.S. Pacific islands to Hawaii as one great Pacific state? Hawaii, if its people prove willing, is ideally suited to be the parent of this larger state. Hawaii, with its ethnic diversity, racial fusion and exemplary racial tolerance, makes natural its focal position in such a plan. As time passed and there was mutual assent, could not the various subdivisions of the prospective areas be incorporated as counties of Hawaii piecemeal—the Marshalls, the Marianas, the seven islands that constitute American Samoa, etc.? In that way each of them could achieve the full equality of statehood. If they did not wish to join they would retain their lesser political status.

My proposal for ultimate annexation of Micronesia to Hawaii was brought up in the Senate in 1965 by Hiram Fong, Hawaii's senior Senator, who said he considered it "a great idea" and that he was working toward its fulfillment.

Meanwhile, Micronesia faces economic problems which

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depend for their solution in large part on the wisdom of the Congress and the administrative performance of the Department of the Interior. The Congress has already shown its enlightenment by authorizing the creation of a bicameral Micronesian Congress, a vital step in developing self-government and territorial solidarity, and there is also self-government on the local levels. But further progress in economic development and experience in self-government are desirable before the territory can wisely decide on its future status. The problems involved are by no means simple.

First, there is the physical problem. Only ninety-six of the 2,100 islands and islets are inhabited. While many Micronesians share the same natural heritage, there are also wide differences. Nine different languages are spoken; some islanders are just emerging from the stone age; others are well advanced. The ethnic heritage is mixed, with the original Malayan-Polynesian strains mingled with the infusion of the Spanish, German and Japanese occupations. If any area of the world is destined for sectionalism it is Micronesia—obviously a difficult problem for administration, financing and all the aspects of just and nondiscriminatory treatment for everyone.

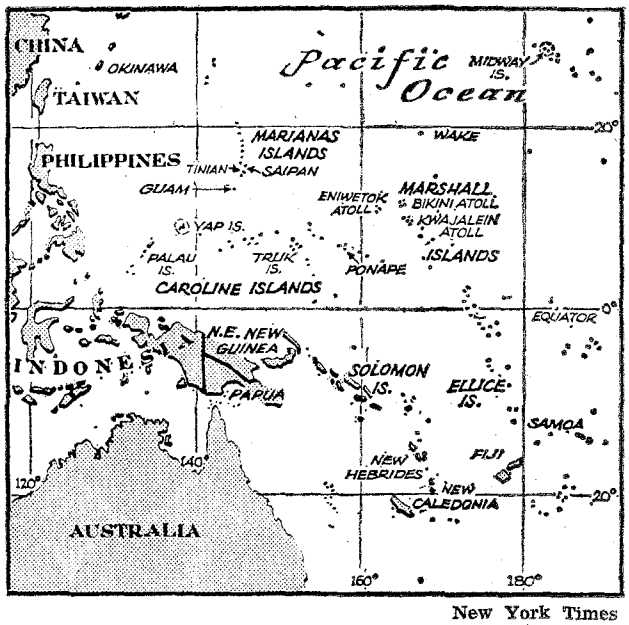
Moreover, the limited land area of 700 square miles—half the size of Rhode Island—is not very productive; probably the territory's greatest natural resource is the marine wealth of the surrounding seas, which remain to be wisely exploited. The usual economic studies propose, in addition to fisheries, tourism, some diversification and improvement in agriculture and the service industries.

The impending and basic fact is that before long the Micronesians will decide what future status they want. Given the desire of United States administration to retain the islands under some form of American sovereignty or control, it is not only desirable but essential to obtain the good will and affection of the Micronesians.

The United States desires to retain control of the islands because of their strategic importance. No other nation can now imaginably seek to acquire them. Japan? China? Russia? Obviously not. But the alternative which Micronesians may consider is independence. Despite the problems it would create, it has an allure, strengthened by the example of other small entities in the Pacific and Caribbean which have become independent and sovereign nations. Last year, the small island of Nauru, just outside the invisible boundary of the trust territory, was granted independence and became the Republic of Nauru. It had been under a New Zealand mandate. Its area is less than that of several Micronesian islands.

Secretary Walter Hickel, on his first visit to the trust territory, stressed his determination to increase the islanders' voice in their government, to provide training to help them assume governmental functions, and to make no major decisions affecting them without their full consultation. Secretary Hickel's background of experience with Alaska's long struggle against absentee controls and with the underprivileged status of Alaska's Eskimos and Indians should fit him sympathetically for this taxing assignment. Its difficulty is increased by shortage of funds because of the war in Vietnam, and the probable reluctance of Congress to vote money for what is needed in ninety-six different islands—and there are substantial needs in each: water and sewer systems, a hospital or clinic, adequate schools, waterfront facilities to accommodate ship and plane landings—for a total of 97,000 Micronesians when the Congressmen's own more numerous constituencies are being squeezed by drastic budget cuts.

An area of conflict will also become critical if the United States military wish, as they doubtless will, to establish bases, or testing stations, or other installations, on the islands. Certain islands are adamantly opposed; others see material advantages. The arbitrary removal of the people from Bikini and Eniwetok and their resettlement



New York Times

in what they considered less desirable areas, has left its residue of discontent and apprehension. Some Micronesians argue that under independence they could make better arrangements which would satisfy both the Micronesian and the American interest.

I discussed the Hawaiian annexation proposal with Secretary Hickel. He thought well of it, but ventured that a state built on Guam and Micronesia might be an alternative. This could be a possible variant. The Micronesian Status Committee has also suggested it. The only difficulty is that I doubt whether Congress would vote it in the foreseeable future. The legislators would, I believe, be unwilling to grant statehood to an area so recently adopted and without previous self-governing experience or American tradition: Adding it to an entity already established as part of the Union would meet with much less opposition, especially since the proposal would no doubt receive the support of the Hawaiian Congressional delegation, which has impressed itself so favorably on the Congress and the public.

In any event the opportunity is there to continue our nation's fine anti-colonial record and to demonstrate once more that we want no second-class citizens under the Stars and Stripes. In other words, we should, as in the case of the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Alaska and Hawaii, give the Micronesians the political status they desire.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Different Smile

SELECTED POEMS OF ANNA AKHMATOVA. *Translated by Richard McKane. Oxford University Press. 111 pp. $3.75.*

FEVER AND OTHER NEW POEMS. *By Bella Akhmadulina. Translated by Geoffrey Dutton and Igor Mezhakoff-Koriakin. William Morrow & Co. 66 pp. $5.50.*

ANSELM HOLLO

Mr. Hollo, who is currently a visiting professor in the Creative Writing Program at the University of Iowa, is the author of several volumes of poems, including the coherences *(Trigram Press) and the translator of* Selected Poems of Andrei Voznesensky *(Grove).*

When a man dies
his portraits change.
His eyes look in a different way,
his lips smile a different smile.
I noticed this on returning
from the funeral of a poet.
Since then I have often checked it,
and my theory has been confirmed.
(1940)

Bertolt Brecht could have written that; or Antonio Machado; Ezra Pound; or Arthur Waley; or Po Chü-I, before them all. Anna Akhmatova wrote it, and it works, for this reader at least, in the context those other names call to mind. In her time, initially the 1910s and '20s, and place, Leningrad, Akhmatova was one of a small group of poets, the "Acmeists" (which included her first husband, Nikolai Gumilyov, and Osip Mandelstam). They turned their backs on Symbolism and decided to travel light (or hard, as far as facts of writing go), disdaining metaphysical theory and "mystical," strenuously metaphorical word-music. "Their own poetic credo demanded the use of words in their exact, logical meaning, precise and concrete imagery, visual vividness, and conciseness of style. . . . Their poetry was concerned with the visible world" (Dimitri Obolensky, *The Penguin Book of Russian Verse*, 1962).

Akhmatova remained faithful to those tenets despite the noisy upsurge of Futurism and the great polluting clouds of Stalinist "Realism" she had to live through; a faith that in her case strikes one as both justified and well rewarded. In the poems dated 1922, the publication year of her fourth book—after which she was silent, silenced, for eighteen years—there is a restrained plangency and haunting beauty equal to Sappho's:

The freak autumn built a high vault
in the sky,
the clouds were ordered not to darken
the vault.
The people marvelled: September is
passing
and where are the chill, damp days?
The murky canal waters turned emerald,
the nettles smelled like roses, only
stronger.
The air was sultry with sunsets,
unbearable,
devilish, crimson,
we will remember them till the end
of our days.
The sun was like a rebel forcing the
capital,
and the spring-like autumn caressed it
so thirstily
that it seemed the transparent snowdrop
would blossom white . . .
That was when you, cool and calm,
came to my door.

Or again:

It is good here: rustle and snow-crunch,
frost fiercer every morning,
a bush of blinding ice roses
bows in white flame.
On the splendid finery of the snow
a ski-track—memory
that long ago
we passed here together.

The last two lines, an obvious echo and reference; it is curious but certainly no accident that Anna Akhmatova shares this empathetic ear for Sappho with H.D., although the autobiographical directness in Akhmatova's work is not matched in H.D.'s poems so much as in the novels, *Bid Me To Live* and *Palimpsest*. On the other hand, Akhmatova in her later work does not seem to attain the power and coherence of H.D.'s great final meditations on destruction and rebirth—though there are, in McKane's selection, flashes of similar visionary insight:

And it seemed that these were fires
flying with me until dawn,
and I did not find out
what color were these strange eyes.

And everything around trembled and
sang,
and I did not find out if you were
friend or foe,
if this was winter or summer.
("Fragment," 1959)

It may very well be that we have to wait for a translation of Akhmatova's longest work, "Poem Without a Hero," which she wrote from 1940 to 1962, before making such comparisons with any semblance of finality. About this poem McKane says in his introduction: "Its complexity and allusions demand a detailed knowledge of the way of life of the poet and her friends which put it beyond the scope of this selection."

Perhaps all we need to know is that Anna Akhmatova's life in Russia, 1889-1966, in itself, in its obvious temporal and geographical conjunctions, caused her to pass through actual, as well as emotional and psychological, trials of a degree hardly dreamt of by her contemporaries in Western Europe and North America, least of all by the more recent poets (male and female) of the "confessional" persuasion. "In 1934 her son, Leo Gumilyov [whose father, the poet Nikolai Gumilyov, had been executed in 1921] was arrested on a charge which has never been fully revealed," McKane tells us. "He was soon released but in 1937 was arrested again, and only released during the war to fight in the army. He returned home in 1945. In the autumn of 1949 he was arrested and finally released in May 1956. Most of this time he spent in concentration camps."

The quiet Don flows quietly,
the yellow moon goes into the house,

goes in with its cap askew,
the yellow moon sees the shadow.

This woman is sick,
this woman is alone,

husband in the grave, son in prison,
pray for me.
("Requiem," 1939)

The book contains an article originally published in 1964 in the magazine *Novy Mir*, "The Unshackled Voice" by Andrei Sinyavsky whose sufficiently known fate parallels that of the Gumilyovs. The final words of his article refer to "the arguing voices of the living and the dead"—among whom Anna Akhmatova's voice, as now given to us in this book, does come through, quiet and clear.

The introduction to Geoffrey Dutton and Igor Mezhakoff-Koriakin's translation of *Fever and Other New Poems* by Bella Akhmadulina was provided by Yevgeny Yevtushenko, this considerably younger (born 1937) poet's ex-husband. It is, as Yevtushenko's prose writings and

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many of his poems tend to be, rather unctuous and cliché-ridden, though no doubt well-intentioned. Seven pages of verbiage like "the great harmony of bloody, disgusting and at the same time beautiful life," or "great suffering always was and will remain the basic content of great poetry," do not predispose one toward what is to follow—less so if one assumes that the author of the introduction has an intimate and concrete understanding of the work.

It would be a great pleasure to be able to report that Bella Akhmadulina's poems then proceed to obliterate that unfavorable first impression, but they reinforce it. They are striking proof for the correctness of a long-standing suspicion in this reader's mind that the formulation and acting out, in the works of Akhmatova, Mandelstam and by somewhat tenuous extension Sergei Yesenin, of the Acmeist principles quoted earlier in this review, were the best things that happened in Russian poetry post-1912—and are potentially still the most promising. For all its exhilarating birth-noise the Futurism of Khlebnikov and Mayakovsky resulted in a dissipation of every form of verbal energy except for what Dimitri Obolensky refers to as "the violent assertiveness" and "deliberate coarseness of much of the *avant-garde* poetry of the Revolutionary period."

It is not that Akhmadulina's poems are "Futurist," any more than those of her contemporaries Yevtushenko and Voznesensky—less so, in fact. But the idolization of Mayakovsky (a great proportion of whose work, when all is said and done, does not rise much above the level of Vachel Lindsay's "Congo") seems to have perpetuated a taste for a tub-thumping beat, jingle-jangle rhyme schemes, and the general idea that you can sincerely strive for hortatory or even outspokenly moralistic effect while using the formal devices of William McGonagall and Ogden Nash.

In such a scheme of things, the ideals of "conciseness of style" and "precise and concrete imagery" obviously lose out. The younger Russian poets' tendency, nay, almost dogmatic insistence on "having their say" on any "subject" for at least ten minutes where ninety seconds would have done just fine, produces time-slot designed poems, highly literary in tone, that end up as boring artifacts. And only extreme histrionic effort in their oral performance could delude an audience into believing that they are attending a verbal and spiritual event comparable to a reading of, say, Philip Whalen's "Sourdough Mountain Lookout" or Edward Dorn's "The North Atlantic Turbine."

This concept of the marathon as the only honorable distance vitiates the work in *Fever*, even though there are some poems that stop at the bottom of the page. The translators make Akhmadulina sound a little like Stevie Smith, the grand and delightful lady of present-day British poetry:

Even a child may ride
a bicycle,
pedaling like mad,
and suddenly look at the wide
world and feel serene and sad.

That is one stanza out of six; and it does not have the wild Blakean glint in the eye Smith's poems do glitter with. Again, cutting out four stanzas, Akhmadulina's "Small Aircraft" becomes a fairly enjoyable experience—these are its first and last quatrains:

Ah, surely I've got troubles enough
nearly sending me daft—
it really does seem a bit rough
to be dreaming about small aircraft.

• • •

You chase them away—from the
darkness
they are back again with you, in high
polish their long bodies float by,
looking sideways like dachshunds.

The jacket blurb says: "Famous for her beauty as well as for her poetry, Bella Akhmadulina has acted in a film and was the subject of 'scandalous' love poems by Yevtushenko in the late fifties." Looking at the photograph on the back, the late fifties seem like a long time ago. Looking at the cover photo of Akhmatova, on *her* book, one wishes that human beings, once they have acquired, earned, such faces, could go on forever. Her "lips smile a different smile."

Idle Transcendental Chatter

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN. *By John Fowles. Little, Brown & Co. 467 pp. $7.95.*

ANNETTE GRANT
Miss Grant, a free-lance writer, was formerly a book reviewer for Newsweek.

You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel
phrases of your complicated state of mind,
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a
transcendental kind.
—Gilbert and Sullivan, *Patience.*

John Fowles writes curious books. His novels seem to spring full armed from his fantasies. An inventor, not an observer, the geography of his books, however faithfully rendered, remains an inner landscape, often fascinating, but often exasperating.

Although capable of maintaining a powerful story line, Fowles infuses his tales with so much arcane mystery and obscure philosophy that they often resemble either science fiction or intoxicated lectures. *The Collector, The Magus* and now *The French Lieutenant's Woman*: this is Fowlesland, the place where all good college sophomores go when they die. Fowles has even provided a guidebook, *The Aristos,* a collection of aphorisms based on the fragments of the pre-Socratic philosopher, Heraclitus. Fowles's notion of a struggle between the many (*hoi polloi*) and the elite (the *aristos* of his title), which he elicits, however fortuitously, from Heraclitus, has become all but obsessive. Upon all his novels, he inflicts this schematic burden. Even his most intelligent characters are sacrificed to it: all fight a losing battle to free themselves from philosophic pigeonholes.

Combine Fowles's *Aristos* with a Victorian novel (particularly one by Hardy, a Fowles idol) and the result is *The French Lieutenant's Woman.* The novel is admirably exact as to costume, decor, wildlife and social manners. The story itself—an eternal triangle predicated on duty, desire and guilt—is persuasively Victorian in outline and style. It is difficult, in fact, to think of any Victorian writer who failed to write it—but impossible to imagine one who could have written it as Fowles has.

The French Lieutenant's Woman takes place in the village of Lyme Regis in Dorset (Jane Austen country) in 1867. The principal characters are Charles Smithson, 32, a Darwinist, amateur geologist and gentleman of independent means; his fiancée, Ernestina Freeman, the daughter of a rich dry-goods merchant; and Sarah Woodruff, a mysterious outcast who has, or so she claims, lost her honor to a French naval officer.

In Lyme Regis, where the chief entertainment is local scandal, a triangular affair can hardly go unobserved. Charles is fascinated by his glimpses of the enig-

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matic Sarah, who makes Ernestine appear giddy and shallow. He senses an undefinable kinship in Sarah. Both are "progressive," both must reject the world that made them what they are, both have "passion and imagination." They represent—though not very convincingly—the first members of a new species, subsequently to be formalized as existentialists. Their first accidental encounter is suitably portentous: "Charles did not know it, but in those brief poised seconds above the waiting sea, in the luminous evening silence . . . the whole Victorian Age was lost."

Charles, the Darwinist, is—how not?—"a highly intelligent being, one of the fittest, and endowed with total free will." And so, against his better judgment, he listens to Sarah's tale of her misfortunes. When she is dismissed by her benefactor, Charles feels duty bound—or so he rationalizes it—to help her. A chance trip to London encourages him to pursue Sarah, but he resists the temptation, returning dutifully to Ernestina to live unhappily ever after.

Matters rest there—or do they? For Fowles adds two other endings in which Sarah triumphs. The reader chooses. (Fowles's method is an immense elaboration upon the principle of Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger" and O. Henry's "Roads of Destiny.") Fowles has, to be sure, an attractive justification for having second, or even third, thoughts: our desire "to fictionalize our past and our future, to speculate on the way things might have or may turn out."

All Fowles's novels are theatrical, and all require a willing suspension of disbelief if they are to be persuasive. But though all obscure the line between the real and the pretended, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* takes the multi-layered cake. The ostensible subject is a properly engaged Victorian couple whose lives become unexpectedly complicated. On the second level, the novel is a lecture on comparative (1867-1967) literature, traditions, life-styles and morals. On the third and most intense level, the writer-philosopher expounds his Heraclitean ideology: "Death is not in the nature of things; it is the nature of things." and "All through human history the elect have made their cases for election." On the fourth level, the author, the omniscient "I-eye," constantly obtrudes himself (in one case he claims to be in a train compartment with Charles) and devotes whole chapters to his problems in writing a novel about Victorian life and manners. On the fifth level, the author insists on viewing his creation with skepticism, suggesting that perhaps it doesn't exist at all: he's just pulling our (probably nonexistent) leg.

Fowles takes every possible—or impossible—advantage of so open a framework. He moves cavalierly through history, treating time as an instant replay that can be run forward or backward in response to his imperious and often ridiculous will: "Needless to say, Charles knew nothing of the beavered German Jew working, as it so happened, that very afternoon in the British Museum Library; and whose work in those sombre walls was to bear such bright red fruit." Much of his hindsight is conditioned by Alain Robbe-Grillet and the *nouveau roman*, so it isn't really surprising to find that within every thoughtful Victorian there is a crypto-existentialist. "He had not the benefit of existentialist terminology; but what he felt was really a very clear case of the anxiety of freedom—that is, the realization that one is free and the realization that being free is a situation of terror."

Fowles's style has always been somewhat overripe. What are we to do with tears that are "slow-welling, unstoppable, creeping like blood through a bandage," or cheeses lined up like "squadrons of reserve moons," or blue flowers "like microscopic cherubs' genitals"? It is, perhaps, the combination of the style and the obtrusive philosophizing that makes the characters seem so shallow, like costumed actors cast against too vivid a background.

Fowles tries to seem captivated by his creations. "It is only when our characters and events begin to disobey us that they begin to live." From time to time, he interrupts his narrative to inform the reader that his fictitious people are resisting, or directing, his work; that they may cry out indignantly when he tries to make them do something against their grain. Eventually he succumbs—or so he would have us believe: "I let the fight proceed and take no more than a recording part in it; or I take both sides in it."

Following the ideas advanced in *The Aristos*, Fowles claims that he is not in control, that some element of "hazard" takes over and relieves him from responsibility for the outcome of the events he initiates. This is the "irresponsible god" game, more effective in *The Collector* where the creator's voice is implicit in the story and not exterior to it. In *The Aristos*, he observes, "If there had been a creator, his second act would have been to disappear." If that is what he has attempted in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, he has scarcely been successful.

Fowles is a writer of enormous ingenuity and learning, like Nabokov and Barth. But, unlike both of them, he lacks—perhaps willfully—the knack of meshing his inner universe with the outside world.

The result is disconcertingly similar to flipping a television dial from channel to channel: images, shadows and echoes that may illustrate the complexity of life, but fail to illuminate it.

LACUNA

(She's gone)

*

After the camera's flash
a blue hole in the air

ROBERT MORGAN

Apostolic Succession

MY FATHER'S SON. *By Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf. 235 pp. $6.95.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan teaches Anglo-Irish literature at Columbia and is completing a study of Oscar Wilde for the Columbia Essays on Modern Writers.

The first volume of Frank O'Connor's autobiography (*An Only Child*, 1961) was the story of young Michael Francis O'Donovan, the name under which O'Connor came originally into the world or, to be more precise, out of the baptistery. That story began in the back lanes of Cork in 1903 and ended with the young man's release, courtesy of the Irish Free State, from an internment camp in 1923. This second, posthumous volume picks up the story at that point and brings it forward in time, though with no apparent regard for chronology, to the eve of the Second World War—or, to use O'Connor's own measure of his days upon earth, to the death of Yeats early in 1939.

It was during this period that Michael O'Donovan transformed himself into Frank O'Connor (his mother's maiden name added to the second of his baptismal names). There were reasons other than literary for adopting the pseudonym. Shortly after his release by the Free State he had become a librarian. His boss, Lennox Robinson, an unfortunate man whom no amount of alcohol could redeem from melancholy, published a little story widely denounced in Ireland as "blasphemous." As a result, not exceptional in those times, Robinson was forced to resign. The in-

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cident was fresh in mind when a few years later young O'Donovan began to write little stories of his own.

But there is nothing in this second volume about that more important transformation, the process by which the man O'Donovan—young, untutored, ignorant really, but of high intelligence, and great intellectual inquisitiveness—became the writer O'Connor, the Chekhov of modern Ireland. There are one or two passing references to the short stories and a brief mention of *The Saint and Mary Kate*, nothing more. Nor does O'Connor have anything to say about the more intimate details of his life, about the women he loved or who loved him, about marriage or children or what he called in the title of an early collection of stories "domestic relations." All that sort of thing is disposed of in a single sentence: "I found myself responsible for a woman and her son, waiting for the end of ecclesiastical and divorce court proceedings so that I could marry." Succinct certainly, and even a bit chilly.

About his mother and father he is occasionally more revealing. He loved the one, could hardly endure the other, and as a self-confessed mama's boy his feelings about both are set down with little show of reserve. The essentials of his relationship had been adumbrated years before in an almost perfect and utterly hilarious short story called "My Oedipus Complex." But what is funny in fiction is not always amusing in life; and a sense of incredulity now accompanies the discovery that the attitudes of a 40-year old writer were not much different from those of his 4-year-old persona. As a result, though this was no part of O'Connor's intention, a reader may find himself increasingly sympathetic toward the old man and more tolerant by far than his son could ever be about those alternating bouts, equally drawn out, of booze and piety. Sympathetic because the old fellow's only alternative, one is inclined to think, would have been to take young Oedipus by the scruff and banjax the bejasus out of him.

It will be clear from this that O'Connor's title *My Father's Son* has nothing to do with that dumb decent man who sired him according to the flesh. In this sense fatherhood was for O'Connor, as for Stephen Dedalus, no more than a necessary evil, perhaps no more than a legal fiction, while true paternity was to be thought of as "a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten." O'Connor, however, was to find a more likely papa than Leopold Bloom. It seemed at first that this might be AE (George Russell), but in the end he fixed on W. B. Yeats for spiritual filiation. He is quite explicit about this relationship:

> When [Yeats] began to bully me I always gave him lip, almost on principle. After my father, I never quarrelled so much with anyone, and even if one allows that I am a bit in the same line myself, it takes two to make a disagreement last as long as ours. One might say that I was discovering my real father at last, and that all the old attitudes induced by my human father came on top. Yet I can truthfully say that when, towards the end of his life, I became his devoted slave, it was entirely due to his generosity, because with no one else was I so crude and uppish.

What O'Connor admired most about Yeats, aside from the majestic talent, was the older man's profound capacity for friendship, a deep-rooted personal loyalty that was proof against the strains and vicissitudes to which any friendship may be subject and to which in literary Dublin, then as now and forever, all friendships are constantly subject. There was nothing at all sentimental about this. One day, for example, reminiscing about Lennox Robinson ("Lennix," Yeats called him), the poet enumerated a dozen minor treacheries their relationship had involved and then, raising a finger, said sternly: "But remember, O'Connor, that was Lennix Robinson the drunken intriguer, not Lennix Robinson who was your friend and mine." It is easy to see how young O'Connor would be attracted to such magnanimity. His is the same kind of magnanimity that informs so much of Yeats's poetry and imparts much of its ineluctable quality.

> *For friendship never ends*
> *And what if mind seems changed*
> *And it seems changed with mind;*
> *When thoughts rise up unbid*
> *On generous things that he did,*
> *And I grow half-contented to be blind.*

O'Connor thought—one of the few critical opinions he ventures here—that as a poet of friendship Yeats had no equal, and in this he may have been right. But then, perversely, he must mar the judgment by adding cantankerously: "I never did think him worth a damn as a love poet." That is the judgment of a love poet *manqué*.

In turn, Yeats's admiration for O'Connor was such that at one time he began to develop a theory that young O'Donovan was really the illegitimate son of some Protestant big house. The theory may not have been entirely uncongenial to O'Connor who had, however, the good sense to pass it lightly through

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imagination whence it would emerge years later as the motif of another of the delightful stories about childhood.

Yeats is more fully sketched (it is by no means a full portrait) than any of the other figures whom O'Connor here assembles, and occasionally disassembles: AE, Robinson, Osborn Bergin, Geoffrey Phibbs and a dozen others whom he came to know as he made his way up in the world. This was the world of Dublin in the last years of the literary revival, very much a man's world and, as Joyce would have it, all too Irish.

The young provincial-turned-librarian —first in Sligo, later in Wicklow and his native Cork—was eventually co-opted onto the board of directors of the Abbey Theatre, its great days already part of memory, and the last half of his autobiography is devoted in large part to still another account, more personally rancorous than most, of the feuds and infighting that went on in and out of the Green Room among assorted actors, directors, producers, poets and playwrights.

But a fight is only interesting if it is heroic or amusing. These scraps at the Abbey were neither, and one wonders why O'Connor chose to worry them over as he has done. The reason may be that when he died on March 10, 1966, much of the material for this second volume of autobiography existed only in early drafts and it fell to Dr. Maurice Sheehy of University College, Dublin, to collate these drafts and edit the present text. Dr. Sheehy appears to have performed the task most skillfully so that we do indeed have here a coherent and unified text. But no amount of skill can conceal the fact that there is a world of difference between an early draft and a fully finished piece of prose—especially in the case of Frank O'Connor who was known to have rewritten a story a score of times before he thought himself, subject always to recurring second thoughts, satisfied with it. Had he lived he might have turned his account of these Abbey squabbles into high entertainment, elevated the meanness and intrigue and treacheries, all minor to be sure, into fine comedy as he had so often done with other events in his past.

In the end we are left with the unfinished story of a man of great talent, akin to if not really a kind of genius, in whom the life of the imagination and the exigencies of practical intellect were never fully reconciled. In the young man a public official consumed the aspirations of a poet, in maturity a man of affairs intruded upon the private provinces of a born storyteller; and throughout the whole of his life, whatever his private or public role at the time, he was constantly scouting the encampments of scholarship but without ever realizing the full satisfactions of that fellowship.

O'Connor saw all this clearly for himself. In the last sentences of his autobiography he casts a rueful eye backward, then turns at once from the past toward the future, facing that term of his years for which, unfortunately, there will now be no further first-hand account:

> Before Yeats died he told me that the time had come to decide whether I wanted to be a good writer or a good public official, and I had resigned my job as librarian. Now I saw that the man of action was still on top; with nothing like Yeats's talent I had been playing Yeats's game. At once I resigned from every organization I belonged to and sat down, at last, to write.

FLYING

I see my face going past,
young again, amused and happy.
This is the circus. I love
the dangerous acrobats,
the aerialists. That one is me.
He is taking everything with him.
My childhood—I see nails,
hammers, wood, pianos, watercolors
going past.
I am becoming my father,
the golden trapeze-artist, and now
I see my mother, the blonde
on the white horse. Their eyes meet.
He swings her up in the air.

I ride back and forth on the high-wire
that runs between their glances.

STEPHEN MOONEY

Books for Children

NED O'GORMAN

Mr. O'Gorman is a poet, and the author, most recently, of Prophetic Voices: Ideas and Words on Revolution *(Random House).*

There are few children's books in the shops that are illustrated or written by people who know very much about children. It is easy for an adult to *think* he knows what children think, see and dream. Adults must be careful when shopping for books: so readily seduced can we be by every bright color, every arch, sweet, sentimental, innocent, dizzy and fairy notion.

The choice is narrower than the layouts and the *New York Times* children's book supplement would have one think. Publishers produce children's books with as little taste and care as the trade departments publish their torrents of adult penny dreadfuls. Leaping on the watchwords of the moment, they announce "relevant" and "meaningful" on their flyleaves. Beware of such books. Beware of the "big sell": such a book as Bruno Munari's *The Circus in the Mist*, a cocktail-table object filled with fold-outs, claptrap overlays, holes, etc., could not possibly interest a child but might lure an adult. A kid couldn't get his hands through a Pop pourri like that. Don't buy "exciting," "unusual" books; they are all frauds. Children are Olympian in their hatred of novelty.

Beware also of people who write poems for children, except of course for the likes of A. A. Milne, Robert Louis Stevenson, Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll and Robert Service, whose *The Shooting of Dan McGrew and the Cremation of Sam McGee* (illustrated by Rosemary Wells, William R. Scott, $4.25) were the first poems I ever read. Rather bullish but for a young mind they are filled with the sinew of poetry.

Avoid any book by Joyce Walsh Anglund. What a creepy bunch of kids they are, little monsters with no noses or mouths, dwarfed Marie Antoinettes and Louis XIVs.

I'd not buy these either:

Squaps the Moonling, by Sita Jucker, is a "relevant" book. A moon creature comes to earth with a returning astronaut. Sentimental drawings. Fantasy all out of whack. A child would not find it amusing though an adult might. Moon creatures hideous. Nothing really unpleasant about *Timimoto's Great Adventure*, written and illustrated by Frank Frances. But it is flat, bland, soupy. The narrative is typical of that rambling prose that characterizes a good many children's books.

I find most alphabet books uninspiring. *Letters and Words*, by David L. Krieger, is. The letters clutter up the page; colors are boring pastels. I feel this way too about Beni Montresor's *A For Angel*. For all the brilliant design it is like a set for a Menotti opera. Too crowded, a little creepy. Children will, I think, reject it. A child's mind cannot put up with clutter. (That is why Beatrix Potter is so beloved by children.) But I think *Still Another Alphabet Book*, by Seymour Chwast and Martin Stephen Moskof (McGraw-Hill, $3.50) is a witty and

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serious leap into the possibilities of the alphabet. The illustrations give a locus for the letters and, I'd expect, it would delight a child to find words so gently hidden in such colors.

Ask of a children's book first mystery and truth: ask that it be written well, clearly and honestly, that it doesn't mock childhood by assuming that a child's world is an adult's world, except smaller. I would hope parents would ask of a book they'd give their children as much as they'd ask of a book they'd buy and cherish for themselves. It is of those books I want to write now.

THE WINNER. *By Kjell Ringi. Harper & Row. $3.95.* No words, the tale of a test of vanities. A stern moral excitement a child can feel. An odd one but terrific.

BANG, BANG YOU'RE DEAD. *By Louise Fitzhugh and Sandra Scoppettone. Harper & Row. $3.75.* A stunner. Very much the kind of pastoral vision of brutality kids know from television but raised to art by the authors. The pictures as much as the text might shock an adult but a child will see the wisdom. A folk tale.

GOLDIE THE DOLLMAKER. *By M. B. Goffstein. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.50.* My favorite of all the books (but for one other). About a little girl who makes dolls with the love and care of an artist. She buys a Chinese lamp on credit and then has a visit from the boy who made the vase. The drawings are of the *essence* of a child's movements, abstractions and sadness and joy.

RAIN, RAIN, RAIN. *By Uri Shulevitz. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.* The feelings of rain. Lovely children's faces, hair especially. A plant grows on a window of the first picture and thus the beautiful chord of the last line. The little girl meditates: "The plant on my window is beginning to grow. I know it." It takes a man who knows children to write that.

THE CAT AND THE COFFEE DRINKERS. *By Max Steele. Drawings by Erik Blegvad. Harper & Row. $2.95.* My other favorite book. About a school in the South and of the old lady headmistress who serves her students black coffee in the morning. A death of a cat and some wise things said about the nature of teaching little ones. A picture of the perfect school—only kids will know that, however.

CROCODILE AND HEN. *Retold by Joan M. Lexau. Pictures by Joan Sandin. Harper & Row. $3.95.* A fable about two animals—the hen is an epic creature. She carries the whole tale in her tail feathers.

POP CORN AND MA GOODNESS. *By Edna Mitchell Preston. Illustrated by Robert Andrew Parker. Viking Press. $4.50.* Illustrations really dazzle. Tale about life, marriage, birth, death, violence. Rather symbolic nonsense rhymes. Children will hear it all.

THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS. *A tale by Charlotte Brontë, written at the age of 13. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.* Older children, from 8 up, will be enchanted by this wild tale of noble men meeting wild people in wild places. Filled with symbols, mysteries and *non sequiturs* that ring true with adventure and wonder.

THE IMAGE IS YOU. *Text by Robert Coles. Edited by Donald Erceg. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.95.* The book is reviewed in these pages by Sherman Paul. But I'd like to add my recommendation for it as a children's book. The photographs are taken by black children at random with a Polaroid camera. I know of no photographs taken by anyone so beautiful and true. Children will be able to tell you what they are about.

Others I have found grand enough for children:

DANCE IN THE DESERT. *By Madeline L'Engle. Pictures by Symeon Shimin. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.*

OVERHEAD THE SUN. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.* Antonio Frasconi's woodcuts illustrate lines from Whitman.

CELEBRATION OF THE SUN. *By Betty Nickerson. J. B. Lippincott Co. $6.95.* Children have painted the celebrations of the world. Text dull. Paintings beautiful and primitive and true to the feasts they sing of.

THE BIRDS OF BASEL. *By Marian Parry. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95.* The drawings are the book. Like tapestries. Children—any age—will know what they are about. The story of the Basilisk trying to get a curse lifted from the people of Basel is a bit long. The pictures conquer.

ETIENNE-HENRI AND GRI-GRI. *Story by Anico Surany. Pictures by Sylvie Selig. Holiday House. $4.50.* Again the illustrations are the lure. They'd almost be fine without the story: a boy and his cat jump the boy's family barge and seek adventure.

A LODESTONE AND A TOADSTONE. *By Irene Elmer. Illustrated by Nicolas Sidjakov. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.* Story

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too long but illustrations are like clumps of raw jewels and ore.

GILBERTO AND THE WIND. *By Marie Hall Ets. Viking Press. 75c paper.* A little boy and the wind. This is one of those gracious books so splendid for quick reading: filled with joy and that passion for the world that children are blessed with.

STEVIE. *By John Steptoe. Harper & Row. $3.50.*

A MONKEY'S UNCLE. *By Wilhelm Hauff. Retold by Doris Orgel. Pictures by Mitchell Miller. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.* The story is splendid and the writing wonderful. A model of good, literate prose—stylish and very witty.

HEE HAW. *Story by Ann McGovern. Pictures by Eric von Schmidt. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.75.*

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS IN WALES. *By Dylan Thomas. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. New Directions. $4.* If a parent would give himself a gift, he'll learn here what childhood is really about.

Something for Everybody

SHERMAN PAUL
Mr. Paul teaches English at the University of Iowa. His latest book is The Music of Survival: A Biography of a Poem by William Carlos Williams *(University of Illinois Press).*

The photograph or reproduction is the *sine qua non* of all the volumes under notice here. All these books are abundantly, even richly illustrated. They provide delight for the eye and, in the case of the more sumptuous books, an occasion of cultural gluttony. The texts, which in most cases are inferior to the illustrations, are merely the matrix for them, an excuse for utilizing for the purposes of either high or low popularization the holdings of archives and museums. (Next year, around Christmas time, some of the same pictures will appear in other texts.)

All have attractive formats, are slick and sleekly jacketed. Most are expensive—as high as $29.50 after the holidays. Their range of feeling, interest or appeal is wide—social concern, cultural improvement, historical voyaging and voyeurism, genteel sexual titillation. Not all are gift books, but if chosen carefully any one of them would make a good gift.

History

AMERICAN MANNERS & MORALS: A Picture History of How We Behaved and Misbehaved. *By Mary Cable and editors of American Heritage. American Heritage. 399 pp. Pre-Christmas $14.95; thereafter $18.* This potpourri, making an antique shop of American history, is true vulgarization ("Zion was girt by suburbs of sensuality").

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. *By André Maurois. The Viking Press. 296 pp. $20.* This simple, well-illustrated historical overview is another version of the author's *The Miracle of America* (1944). Large format.

THE PRINCE OF PLEASURE AND HIS REGENCY: 1811-20. *By J. B. Priestley. Harper & Row. 304 pp. $15.* Though amply illustrated, this social and cultural history is not a picture history but a useful work of high popularization.

THE CRUCIBLE OF CHRISTIANITY: Judaism, Hellenism and the Historical Background to the Christian Faith. *Edited by Arnold Toynbee. World Publishing. 368 pp. Pre-Christmas $25; thereafter $29.50.* This beautifully designed book is a "learned" illustrated history, lavish of photographs, maps, plans and expertise. It covers the culture of the Levant from 200 B.C. to 200 A.D.; among its fourteen contributors are David Flusser and Harry Wolfson. Large format.

LINCOLN: A Picture Story of His Life. *By Stefan Lorant. W. W. Norton & Co. 336 pp. $7.95.* This revised and enlarged edition of a book variously titled and first issued in 1941 is one of the indispensable and fascinating works of Lincoln hagiography. More than 700 pictures; large format.

THE HERO: Myth/Image/Symbol. *By Dorothy Norman. World Publishing. 244 pp. Pre-Christmas $8.95; thereafter $10.* The design of this book matches its riches of iconography and proverbial wisdom, but the book itself is pretentious—serio-popular.

THE MEDICI: A Great Florentine Family. *By Marcel Brion. Translated by Gilles and Heather Cremonesi. Crown Publishing. 216 pp. $15.* Florence and its art, as much as the Medici family, is the subject of this useful pictorial cultural history.

Current History and Sociology

I HAVE A KIND OF FEAR: Confessions from the Writings of White Teachers and Black Students in City Schools. *Edited by Richard Larson and James Olson. Photographs by Howard M. Berliant. Quadrangle Books. 139 pp. $6.95.* The photographs in this serious book, like those in *The Image Is You,* try to free our response from the overused language of social concern. So does the text, in which the confronting testimony reveals an almost insuperable impasse of understanding and communication.

THE IMAGE IS YOU. *Text by Robert Coles. Edited by Donald Erceg. Houghton Mifflin Co. 101 pp. $4.95.* The pictures in this ghetto book were taken by black children of Boston's inner city. The essay includes the views of dwellers in this area. As the title suggests, our response incriminates us.

SELF-PORTRAIT: U.S.A. *By David Douglas Duncan. Harry N. Abrams. 240 pp. $18.50.* This work of photo journalism covers the two national conventions of 1968. The camera is searching; the text is personal, worldly, skeptical. Large format.

The Arts

THE ARTS AND MAN: A World View of the Role and Functions of the Arts in Society. *UNESCO. Prentice-Hall. 175 pp. $12.95.* The serious essays on the various arts, by Herbert Read, Pier Luigi Nervi and Yehudi Menuhin, among others, are accompanied by a "parade of images." Large format.

ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK: A Photographic History. *By Wayne Andrews. Atheneum Publishers. 188 pp. Pre-Christmas $17.50; thereafter $20.* Most of the 255 photographs are the excellent work of Mr. Andrews. The book covers the period from 1700 to the pres-

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ent; its captions are sometimes anecdotal. Large format.

THE DECORATIVE TWENTIES. *By Martin Battersby. Walker and Co. 216 pp. Pre-Christmas $17.50; thereafter $20.* A serious, well-illustrated history of Art Deco, especially in France, England and America, covering a wide range of design. Large format.

THE STORY OF THE BLUES. *By Paul Oliver. Chilton Book Co. 176 pp. $12.50.* The text of this history of an art form is solid and substantial and is documented by photographs of the milieu and performers. Large format.

AGES OF ELEGANCE: Five Thousand Years of Fashion and Frivolity. *By Gisèle d'Assailly. New York Graphic Society. 251 pp. Pre-Christmas $24.95; thereafter $29.95.* Popularization ("The history of fashion is rather like a fairy tale"), but its splendid plates may be useful to designers. Large format.

Records 1969 / David Hamilton

In addition to the category "Records of the Year," this compilation includes sections devoted to "Repertory of Special Interest" (in first recordings, or significantly better ones than have been recently available), and "Performances of Special Interest" (unusual readings of more standard literature).

A final section lists "Significant Reissues" of older recordings. Except in this last category, all records listed are stereophonic.

Records of the Year

BACH: Cantatas 89, 90, 161. Soloists, Hamburg Monteverdi Chorus; Concerto Amsterdam; Jürgen Jürgens and Jaap Schröder, directors. Telefunken SAWT 9540. $5.95.

Goldberg Variations; *The Art of the Fugue*; Ricercars from *The Musical Offering*. Charles Rosen, piano. Odyssey 32-36-0020. $8.94 (three discs).

BERLIOZ: *Roméo et Juliette*. Soloists; London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Colin Davis, cond. Philips PHS 2-909. $11.96 (two discs).

Te Deum. Franco Tagliavini, tenor; London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Colin Davis, cond. Philips SAL-3724. $5.98.

CARTER: Sonata for Cello and Piano. Joel Krosnick, Paul Jacobs. Sonata for flute, oboe, cello and harpsichord. Harvey Sollberger, Charles Kuskin, Fred Sherry, Paul Jacobs. Nonesuch H-71234. $2.98.

CHOPIN: Six Polonaises. Alfred Brendel, piano. Vanguard Cardinal C-10058. $3.98.

DAVIES: *Revelation and Fall*. Mary Thomas, soprano; Pierrot Players; Peter Maxwell Davies, cond. Angel S-36558. $5.98 (with Gerhard: *Collages*).

DEBUSSY: *Images* for Orchestra. Cleveland Orchestra; Pierre Boulez, cond. Columbia MS-7362. $5.98.

MENDELSSOHN: Octet. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; Neville Marriner, director. Argo ZRG-569. $5.95.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Serenade for Strings; *Souvenir de Florence*. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; Neville Marriner, director. Argo ZRG-584. $5.95.

Repertory of Special Interest

BACH: Cantatas 50, 83, 197. Soloists, Vienna Boys' Choir; Concentus Musicus; Hans Gillesberger and Nicolas Harnoncourt, directors. Telefunken SAWT 9539. $5.95.

BERIO: *Sinfonia*. Swingle Singers; New York Philharmonic; Luciano Berio, cond. Columbia MS-7268. $5.98.

BRITTEN: *Holy Sonnets of John Donne*; *Poems and Proverbs of William Blake*. Peter Pears, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Benjamin Britten, piano. London OS-26099. $5.98.

COPLAND: *Short Symphony*; *Dance Symphony*. London Symphony Orchestra; Aaron Copland, cond. Columbia MS-7223. $5.98.

CRUMB: *Eleven Echoes of Autumn*. Aeolian Chamber Players. WOLPE: Trio. Group for Contemporary Music, Columbia University. Composers Recording, Inc. SD-233. $5.95.

DEL TREDICI: *Syzygy*. Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Festival Chamber Ensemble; Richard Dufallo, cond. Colum-

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bia MS-7281. $5.98 (with works by Nono, Takemitsu, Xenakis).

HAYDN: *Schöpfungsmesse.* Soloists, Choir of St. John's College, Cambridge; Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; George Guest, cond. Argo ZRG-598. $5.95.

HINDEMITH: *Kammermusiken 1-7.* Concerto Amsterdam; Jaap Schröder, director. Telefunken SLT-43110/2. $17.85 (three discs).

JOHNSTON: Quartet No. 2. Composers String Quartet. Nonesuch H-71224. $2.98 (with Cage & Hiller: *HPSCHD*).

KIRCHNER: Quartet No. 3. Beaux-Arts Quartet. WEINBERG: Quartet No. 2. Composers String Quartet. Columbia MS-7284. $5.98.

SESSIONS: Symphony No. 3. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Igor Buketoff, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC-3095. $5.98 (with Lees: Concerto for String Quartet & Orchestra).

SHAPEY: *Incantations.* Bethany Beardslee, soprano; University of Chicago Contemporary Chamber Players; Ralph Shapey, cond. PERKINS: *Music for Thirteen Players.* University of Chicago Contemporary Chamber Players; Ralph Shapey, cond. *Caprice.* Easley Blackwood, piano. Composers Recording, Inc. SD-232. $5.95.

WEINBERG: *Cantus Commemorabilis I.* PUTSCHE: *The Cat and the Moon.* University of Chicago Contemporary Chamber Players; Ralph Shapey, cond. Composers Recording, Inc. SD-245. $5.95

WOLF: String Quartet in D minor. La-Salle Quartet. Deutsche Grammophon 139376. $5.98.

WUORINEN: *Time's Encomium* (electronic). Nonesuch H-71225. $2.98.

Spectrum: New American Music, Volumes I/III. Contemporary Chamber Ensemble; Arthur Weisberg, cond. Nonesuch H-71219, 71220, 71221. $2.98 each.

Performances of Special Interest

BACH: Cantatas 211, 212. Soloists, Concentus Musicus; Nicolas Harnoncourt, director. Telefunken SAWT 9515. $5.95.

Mass in B minor. Soloists; Vienna Boys' Choir; Chorus Viennensis; Concentus Musicus; Hans Gillesberger and Nicolas Harnoncourt, directors. Telefunken SKH-20 $17.85 (three discs).

Holiday Issues

This is the first of our two holiday issues. Next week's *Nation* will contain additional gift listings: Lawrence Alloway's roundup of art books, a film book bibliography compiled by Robert Sklar, and the annual list of books published this year by *Nation* contributors.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concertos 1-5; Choral Fantasy. Daniel Barenboim; New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel S-3752. $23.92 (four discs).

MOZART: *Cosi fan tutte.* Leontyne Price, Judith Raskin, Tatiana Troyanos, George Shirley, Sherrill Milnes, Ezio Flagello; New Philharmonia Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC-6416. $23.92 (four discs).

Symphony No. 40; *Serenata Notturna.* English Chamber Orchestra; Benjamin Britten, cond. London CS-6598. $5.98.

SCHUBERT: Songs. Elly Ameling, soprano; Jörg Demus, piano. RCA Victrola VICS-1405. $2.98.

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 2; *Genoveva* Overture. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel S-36606. $5.98.

STRAUSS: *Salome.* Montserrat Caballé, Regina Resnik, Richard Lewis, James King. Sherrill Milnes; London Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC-7053. $11.96 (two discs).

WAGNER: *Der fliegende Holländer.* Anja Silja, Ernst Kozub, Theo Adam, Martti Talvela; New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel SCL-3730. $17.94 (three discs).

RECITAL: French Operatic Arias. Beverly Sills, soprano; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Charles Mackerras, cond. Westminster WST-17163. $5.98.

Significant Reissues

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 5. Robert Casadesus; Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; Hans Rosbaud, cond. Odyssey 32-16-0326. $2.98 (stereo).

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2; *Academic Festival Overture.* London Symphony Orchestra; Pierre Monteux, cond. Philips World Series PHC-9123. $2.98 (stereo).

BRITTEN: *The Prince of the Pagodas.* Covent Garden Royal Opera House Orchestra; Benjamin Britten, cond. London STS-15081/2. $4.98 (two discs, stereo).

STRAUSS: *Don Juan; Till Eulenspiegel; Tod und Verklärung.* Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Seraphim 60094. $2.49.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 4. Emmy Loose, soprano; Philharmonia Orchestra, Paul Kletzki, cond. Seraphim S-60105. $2.49 (stereo).

Das Lied von der Erde. Maureen Forrester, Richard Lewis; Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, cond. RCA Victrola VICS-1390. $2.98 (stereo).

MASSENET: *Manon.* Victoria de los Angeles, Henri Legay, Michel Dens, Jean Borthayre; Paris Opéra-Comique Chorus and Orchestra; Pierre Monteux, cond. Seraphim ID-6057. $9.96 (four discs).

MONTEVERDI: Madrigals. Vocal and instrumental ensemble; Nadia Boulanger, cond. Seraphim 60125. $2.49.

PUCCINI: *La Bohème.* Licia Albanese, Tatiana Menotti, Beniamino Gigli, Afro Poli; La Scala Chorus & Orchestra; Umberto Berretoni, cond. Seraphim IB-6038. $4.98 (two discs).

Manon Lescaut. Licia Albanese, Jussi Bjoerling, Robert Merrill; Rome Opera House Chorus & Orchestra; Jonel Perlea, cond. RCA Victrola VIC-6027. $7.47 (three discs).

STRAUSS: *Die Frau ohne Schatten.* Leonie Rysanek, Christel Goltz, Hans Hopf, Paul Schoeffler; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Karl Böhm, cond. Richmond SRS-64503. $9.96 (four discs, stereo).

VERDI: *Aïda.* Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Jussi Bjoerling, Leonard Warren, Boris Christoff; Rome Opera House Chorus & Orchestra; Jonel Perlea, cond. RCA Victrola VIC-6119. $7.47 (three discs).

Macbeth. Leonie Rysanek, Carlo Bergonzi, Leonard Warren, Jerome Hines; Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victrola VICS-6121. $7.47 (three discs, stereo).

RECITAL: The Art of Artur Schnabel. Seraphim 60115. $2.49.

RECITAL: Bach and Mozart works. Dinu Lipatti, piano. Odyssey 32-16-0320. $2.98 (pseudo-stereo).

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

When Henry Kahnweiler, Juan Gris's dealer, complimented him on one of his exercises in synthetic cubism, the painter asked, "But does it make a *picture*?" In other words, did what Gris had painted constitute an entity, did it say something coherently?

Much of what passes with us as "new" theatre may be set down permissively as lively experiment, and is perhaps to be encouraged as progress on a path to some future completion, but very little of it makes sense as valid statement now. Clever notions, bright metaphors in a scene here and there, cute inventions, even refreshing impudences, occasionally occur, but almost never can we value what is created as better than interesting fragments or gimmicks.

The productions of Piscator, Meyerhold,* Brecht, Grotowski are not "experiments": they all embody fully articulated ideas. They are therefore *plays*, even when they offend literary prescription. Meyerhold's *The Inspector General*, for example, did not employ Gogol's text exactly as he wrote it, but it was eloquently meaningful as well as entertaining in its own right.

The recent production of *Henry V* by the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre of Stratford, Conn., at the ANTA Theatre, is a reverse case in point. It contains many tricks purporting to show that Shakespeare's "history" may be viewed as anti-war propaganda, even though it is generally regarded as a jingoistic tract. That is by no means an untenable interpretation, but Michael Kahn, director of the Connecticut production, has simply toyed with the play, offering neither original substance nor traditional justification in the matter.

It is not enough to begin the performance with the cast as a bunch of kids sporting around in a gymnasium and then to transform them for the opening scene into caricatures in ludicrous costumes of the author's characters. Or to proceed further with a thoroughly conventional reading of other scenes, occasionally using broomsticks as swords at the very time when other personages are dressed in medieval armor, while faces of bloodstained white masks serve purposes of both horror and fun.

My objection is not that the result is a travesty of Shakespeare—which might even prove to be a relief from stuffy Shakespeare—but that whatever the production's intent, it fails to provide a clear picture of anything but theatrical adolescence.

Richard Schechner's *Dionysus '69* was certainly crude and while it made hash of Euripides' text and didn't say, or mean to say, what Euripides did, it was a youthfully gay message from the East Village. Not so the same director's *Makbeth*, which the Performance Group is now giving at its seat on Wooster Street.

I don't at all mind that the show is "taken from Shakespeare" (Shakespeare himself borrowed from many sources now known only to scholars), but I was utterly indifferent to what was done with the loan. The fact that the stage was "environmental" (the actors prance all over the place, often where they cannot be seen or heard) does not in the least impress me, nor does having Banquo played by a (pretty) girl shock me into any particular awareness of thought or sensation. One cannot even say "confusion hath now made his masterpiece." I got nothing from the strenuousness of the event except that the group, all out of breath from skipping, running, jumping from one area to another, is composed of nice and very "sincere" children.

Stomp at the Public Theatre on Lafayette Street is play, though not a play. It is a joint effort by a number of boys and girls (named "The Combine") from Texas (several of them college dropouts) who improvise all sorts of fun and games to proclaim their "freedom" from or rebellion against the environment that produced them. They are at loose ends and seem to be delighted to find themselves in that condition. Their theatrical innovations are nonexistent, but here and there they do set up a few pleasant surprises. They will some day have to do something besides bombinating.

I rather enjoyed seeing them because while their show makes no artistic pretension, it reveals what a good part of our disaffected but on the whole charming youth is really like. One recognizes, to some extent, what they are made of and something of what they wish to escape. A group interview with them would have more sociological interest than their performance. I cannot tell from their stomping whether they are actually talented. They are still only raw material, but as such they are by no means ungracious.

Oliver Hailey's *Who's Happy Now?* (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam Street) is a modestly endearing play. It has authenticity. Its author has gathered from his early experience as a boy in a Texas village something that he has wrought into a kind of nosegay. The experience must have been painful: there was a coarse "peasant" father who was a butcher, a man who lived openly with a likable slut of a waitress while his patient wife, who had had no more intention of leaving her husband than he had of abandoning her, stood by bearing it all. But out of this essentially drab material Hailey has made something funny, tender, compassionate. He does not prevaricate: he makes it perfectly clear that he is embellishing with kindness and humor what was once ugly. His play is sentimental but not fraudulent.

Unfortunately the production is not all it should be. None of the acting is bad, but the casting and direction are barely compatible with the nature of the play's writing. Only Rue McClanahan as the heartily silly waitress is in tune. The "hero" is not naive enough. The father is villainous when he should simply be

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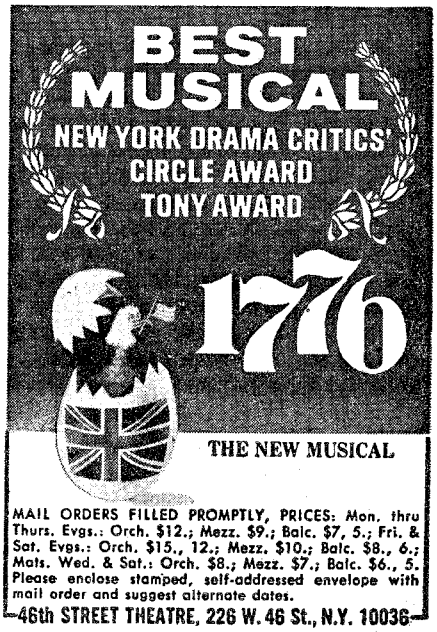

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* In my column of December 1, Meyerhold's system of body training was erroneously called "biomechanism." It should have read "biomechanics."

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oafishly thickheaded; the mother too genteel for the circumstances: a pervasively earthy innocence is lacking. Still the play's good nature and purity emerge.

I cannot bring myself to say anything harsh about the revival of *Our Town* at the ANTA Theatre. The play is part of an American dream, a memorial to the myth of the sweet past in rural America. It strums a string—rather slack now—of our national culture. Its optimistic view of life is a sugary Platonic distillation of what we imagine we once were, what we yearn to believe we still "in our hearts" might be. Thornton Wilder is a tactful craftsman: he found the right form for his content. His is a feathery touch; he doesn't *push*. Hence the play's endurance.

The production under Donald Driver (who directed *Your Own Thing*) is somewhat overcharacterized, especially at the outset. All the actors—Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Ed Begley among the best known—are capable of achieving the needed effects with more simplicity. Still, moments preceding and during the ice-cream parlor scene induced a tear, as Elizabeth Hartman, an actress of genuine sensibility, and Harry Evans play it. And I was struck by Denise Nickerson, a child player with prodigious powers of projection!

The fabric of *Our Town* is fragile; a smaller theatre would serve it better.

Film Scene at Pula

CURTIS HARNACK

Mr. Harnack has recently returned to the faculty of Sarah Lawrence, following a sabbatical spent in part in Yugoslavia. He has published two novels (a third is finished) and a travel book on Iran.

Only the Yugoslavs thus far have thought of appropriating a Roman coliseum for a film festival, assembling tens of thousands of spectators to watch—not a contest between gladiators and beasts—but flickering images on a silver screen! Each year for the last fifteen, the magnificent Roman arena on the shores of the Adriatic at Pula, built between 30 B.C. and 14 A.D.—the most perfect such structure in the ancient world—is lit by floodlamps and strung with gaily colored bulbs. The grayish-yellow three-tiered shell, golden in the light, is stunning against the deep blue night sky.

In the city (part Italian watering resort, part Austro-Hungarian Empire naval base) the streets are barred to motor traffic and jammed with ordinary middle-class Yugoslavs streaming toward the great stadium for the double feature. Tickets cost $1.50, compared to the 20c tariff in local movie houses. The attractions are the premières of fourteen feature-length Yugoslav films, glimpses of glamorous movie personalities, and the pleasure of being part of the country's liveliest art. "We have the audiences, we have the interest," one director told me. "You in the West have heard a lot about Polish and Czech films, but now it's *our* turn."

My first evening there, upon entering the coliseum well after the first feature had begun, I felt that the atmosphere echoed with Roman ghosts. The imperious audience was quick to roar disapproval over one film sequence and hastily cheer another. Manners still tended to follow impulse, as I realized to my surprise when I felt stones the size of walnuts hurled against my legs by irritated spectators behind me, who couldn't see because I was standing in the graveled aisle, unable to find my seat. When I told my companions what was happening, they laughed. "A few years ago, the audience hated a film so much that when the director walked on stage, afterward, to be introduced to them—they stoned him."

No doubt, Plekhanov, the social theorist of Lenin's day, would have been heartened by such a spontaneous response: art should always be subject to the innate good judgment of the people. The official Yugoslav film brochure stated a similar sentiment: "These festivals are public social platforms where the public and the critics are informed of the state of our film industry as a whole. Here they can judge their aesthetic values and the failures, they evaluate them and arrive at conclusions. . . ." Possibly in the form of a stone.

Or, more happily, with the Yugoslav version of the Oscar. The climax of each festival is the awarding of the Golden Arena trophy for first prize, the Silver Arena for second. Just in case the jury of respectable cinema experts strays too far from the Communist ideal, a People's Prize is also presented—invariably to a patriotic film full of marching Partisans, twanging peasant music and proper Socialist messages.

This year's festival entries, in the opinion of most Yugoslavs with whom I talked, showed a fashionable pessimism and excessive violence. Some thought this might be the result of having awarded last year's prizes to films of that sort. Others pointed out, and I think it more likely, that Yugoslav directors are sensitive to trends in modern films everywhere and quickly become part of them. "The Czechs," observed an editor of the journal, *Politika*, "have every reason to despair, considering what's happened to their country, and yet *their* films are basically more optimistic than ours."

Horoscope was typical of this mordant drift, a thoroughly "modern" film, with a little from Godard, from Polanski, from Fellini, from almost everybody. The film is so modish it cannot help but travel well, internationally. First of all, it fits the requirement of centering on the very

JENIFER

Plant fire
into the earth
until it grows
like a green tree:
your pain
took precedence
over all there is
of death

in place of screams
water:
your silence
broke me,
and I brought
a woolen doll
to make you laugh:

you took my hand
through a rain
of stones

afterward
they said it
would not live:
nurses
stepped around us,
friends
were people
falling off a cliff

under a white nightgown
you held us
roped
to some terrible
assertion, and
when the child broke
from her cage
of glass

you named her
Galila-Yael:
she who fights with
waves
of light

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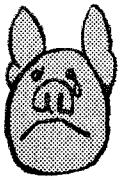

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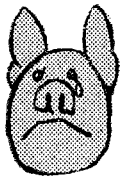

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young: a group of semi-naked post-adolescents, perhaps on holiday from their university studies—all of them in a kind of summer limbo and mesmerized by the moment. Bora Draskovic, the youthful director, set the action in a railway switching yard, between the flats of the sea and the steep locomotive haul into the mountains. Despite its rather pretentious symbolism and second-hand cinematic ideas, the film is skillfully put together and contains some brilliant scenes: such as the confrontation between an old-fashioned, peasant-world wedding party and the playful, mocking, *dégagé* youths.

Considering the unsophisticated audience, I was surprised by the courtesy shown *Horoscope*; they respected, perhaps, the tender age of the director and the seriousness of his intent. Later that evening on the terrace of the Riviera, a gray Austrian dowager of a hotel where the film colony gathered each evening after the screenings, long-haired Draskovic in velvet mod clothes was properly lionized. Radio and TV journalists kept calling him away for interviews. It was a triumphant evening for him, perhaps because he hadn't been torn apart by the beasts in the darkness of that great arena.

Film companies in Yugoslavia compete with one another and must show profits or go bankrupt, as in any capitalist country. One of the most successful and respected companies, Avala Films, counted heavily on *Cross Country*. It did not receive the audience support expected, although it starred the popular actress, Milena Dravic, and was directed by Purisa Dordevic ("The streets of Belgrade are noticeably emptier when his television serial is being shown," a Yugoslav told me).

Cross Country began as a funny, daffy comedy, somewhat reminiscent of the early Doris Day films, at least in spirit (and perhaps because blonde Miss Dravic resembles her); and the film was beautiful to look at, having been shot in color in a wild, primitive area of eastern Bosnia, near Serbia. The story concerns an Orthodox priest whose love of sports inspires his pretty daughter to become a champion cross-country runner. After the initial absurdity, all she runs into is a lot of heavy symbolism. The hoots and whistles began to gather momentum in the restless crowd, drowning out the sound track. The verdict was clearly thumbs down, Roman style.

None of Avala's films fared well, and the company's director, with whom I had dinner one evening in the fashionable Venetian fishing village of Rovinj (which was as crowded as Positano) kept repeating in English: *Oh, my God! Oh, my God!*

What is healthy in this painful scrutiny by both one's peers and the untutored mob is that the merit of a film remains somewhat open to question, and no clique of powerful critics can have too much influence. The ordinary moviegoer is roaring in the dark amphitheatre, having his blunt say. He cannot be entirely laughed off; officially, he certainly cannot; and even the directors, actors and other cinema personnel feel close to those vibrations from the masses. For centuries in the European theatre the ideal drama has been—like Shakespeare's—appreciated in different degrees by the gentry in the boxes and the standees in the stalls.

While the festival was a vacation attraction for the masses, for the cinema crowd it was largely a continual party. I saw a film and later met the actress; I met an actress and then saw her film. At a picnic beach supper one night, the fragile, blonde star, Snezana Niksic, adroitly broiled fresh mackerel over a makeshift charcoal fire—an hour before she was to drive with her husband, director Vuk Babic, to Pula in order to be presented to the audience, following the screening of her film. (Her name means *Snow White*, his *Wolf*; "Two fairy tales that got mixed up," said Babic.) They were living in a pup tent pitched in a wheat field, not merely because of the hotel room shortage but because it is stylish for the young, successful, moderately rich Yugoslavs to don jeans and travel poor. "We are proud of our close connections to the peasants. I'm only one generation removed," said Babic. One afternoon during the festival he helped his uncle in Ljubljana sell ripe apricots in the farmer's market.

"There are as many film festivals in the world as there are days in the year," said a former director of the Pula event, "but none of them is quite like ours." For one thing, the celebration is a national affair, beginning with fireworks in true Balkan style. Marshal Tito makes his appearance—this year under exceptionally heavy security guard. Among the press was a Canadian journalist who'd been effusive with every Yugoslav he met, telling them what a wonderful country theirs was, how much better things were here than in Russia or America. "*This* is the true social system of the future—here you have real freedom." In fact, he'd been in the country only a few days—in the company of a girl he intended to marry in this paradise nation.

On the night of Marshal Tito's visit to the arena, the Canadian tried to break through the police lines to reach an exit. The troops laid hands on him and demanded his passport, which unfortunately he'd left in his hotel room. He was promptly arrested and hauled roughly to jail, where he spent the night. After the matter was straightened out, to make amends, the Lord Mayor of Pula not only attended the journalist's wedding, the day after the close of the festival, but even paid for the nuptial supper and all the wine. "From a night in jail to celebration and joy! What a typical Yugoslav experience," said one young director. "If only I'd had a camera—it would all have been perfect on film!"

WINTER AFTERNOON

Before the storm
breaks the olive
tree turns up its leaves
and I am drawn
within that explosion
of white against
a purple sky.

HAROLD ISBELL

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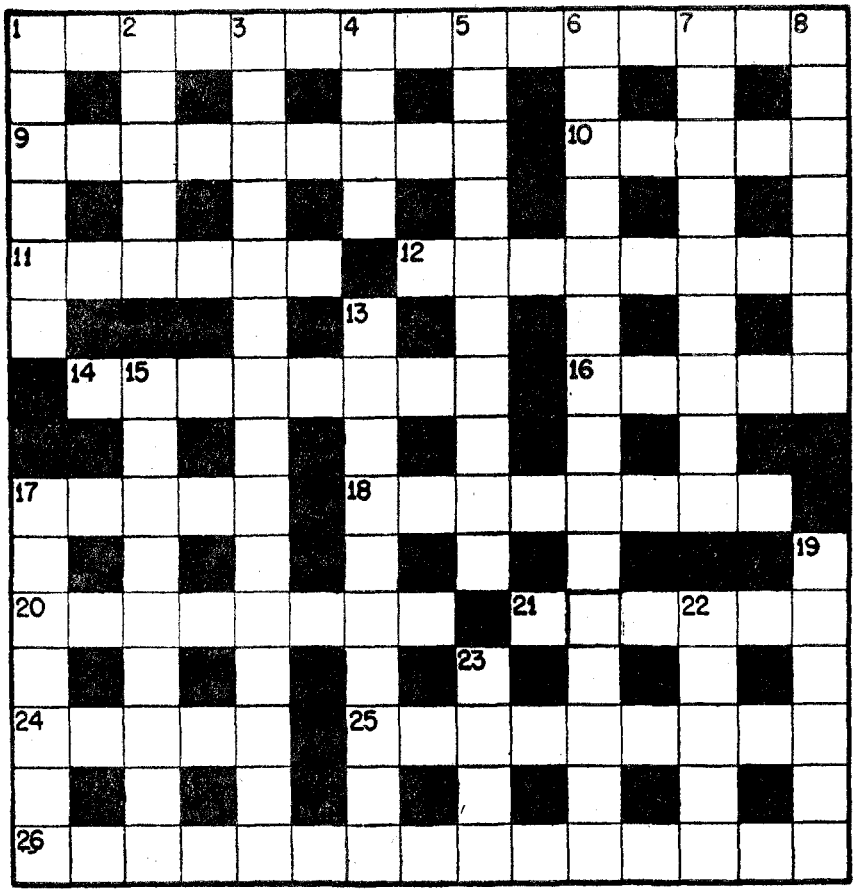

ACROSS

1 But such an offspring is not necessarily both large and imposing, (5-10)
9 It might well be Brahman, but many have a thing about one. (6,3)
10 Duck. (5)
11 If American, a different 4 than may be associated with 9. (6)
12 One would have to move a dozen times before getting even one foot off the ground! (8)
14 An inclination to be treading somewhat awkwardly? (8)
16 One step taken to overcome a big 14? (5)
17 The measure of 12 confused with a different measure. (5)
18 Instruments found in foreign romances.
20 You wouldn't refer to it for a clincher, though it might help if cut to the quick. (4,4)
21 Forbid a mild expletive of a riverman, possibly. (6)
24 Quoted as describing the medal-winner, perhaps. (5)
25 Provoke a sort of riot, and it could become a custom! (9)
26 Scotch and water association with it? (4,4,7)

DOWN

1 Talk about the old girl-friend! (6)
2 Ruy Diaz de Bivar. (2,3)
3 An original plot? (3,6,2,4)
4 Run in the family, broadly speaking? (4)
5 Occasionally present, too, in consequence. (3,3,4)
6 Bohemians could well be, if authentic. (15)
7 Possibly a lover of Rome. (9)
8 Visionary. (7)
13 Store place designed for filters? (10)
15 An 8 isn't supposed to be. (9)
17 Holding a low opinion of mankind. (7)
19 Is one who cries more capable of being severer? (6)
22 Ground meal—a sort of coarse hominy. (5)
23 Some boy about 13 might start off with such yeast. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1324

ACROSS: 1 Abeam; 4 Poncho; 11 Winston; 12 Accrues; 13 Speedwell; 14 Rebut; 15 Hunting knives; 17 Credit balance; 22 Lapse; 24 Odometers; 25 Stamina; 26 Shikari; 27 Assets; 28 Istle. DOWN: 2 Bandeau; 3 Antedated; 5 Occur; 6 Crumble; 7 Onsets; 8 Awash; 9 International; 10 Eat like a horse; 16 Imageries; 18 Repeals; 19 Cue ball; 20 Plasma; 21 Aspic; 23 Evict.

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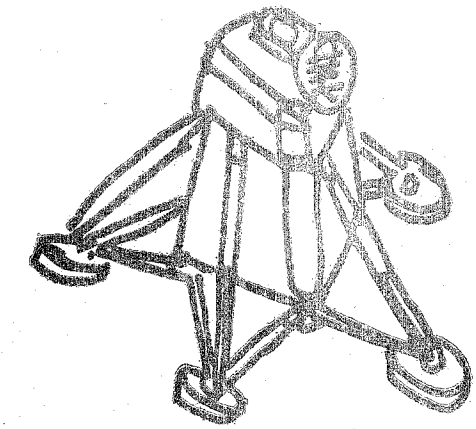

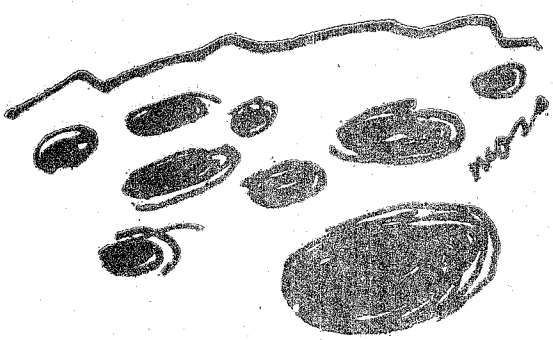

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